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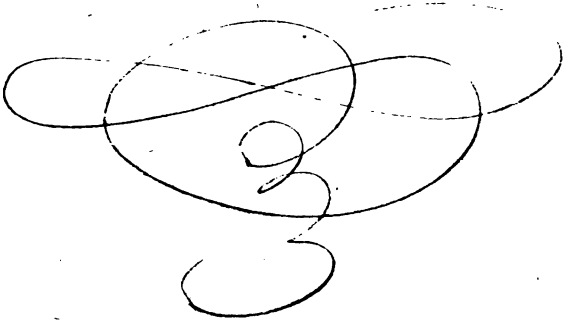

MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE and VERSE.

By Miss EDWARDS.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for the Author, and sold by C. Elliot.
MDCCLXXVI.

BODLEIAN
13·3·1900

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MISCELLANIES,

In PROSE and VERSE.

Elegiac Verſes on DEATH.

NOW ſilver Cynthia's melancholy ray
Succeeds to ſultry Phœbus' ſcorching beams:
Hail! fair majeſtic ſiſter of the day,
Thy ſhade inſpires me with ſublimer themes.

O ſeize this ſacred ſoul-improving hour;
Ye vain, fantaſtic, buſy paſſions, fly,
Whilſt I contemplate Death's terrific power:
O think, my ſoul! how awful 'tis to die.

The view alarms and ſtaggers every heart:
Though diſtant ſeen, though not expected nigh,
How Nature ſhrinks from that tremendous dart,
And ſadly heaves the univerſal ſigh!

Where is the mortal man that dreads not Death;
To bid relations, light, and life, adieu;
To quit each dear purſuit with fleeting breath;
T' encounter ſcenes ſo dark, unknown, and new?

Where is the ſinner that is not appall'd,
To ſtand unbodied in his Maker's ſight,
To hear the ſentence ne'er to be recall'd,
Leſt it exclude him from the realms of light?

Theſe make it terrible to Adam's race:
Ah! hapleſs race! conceiv'd in ſin and wo,
A prey to Death, to ruin, and diſgrace,
With every ill which from that ſource can flow.

But ſee! from yonder parted cloud appears
A bright celeſtial ray of ſhining light;
And lo! a fair angelic form ſhe wears,
Now ruſhing forward on my raviſh'd ſight.

She ſpeaks, the harmony of Heaven breaks forth
Upon mine ear, in emphaſis divine:
Come, Muſe, rehearſe; for its important worth
Shall make my ſoul each gloomy thought reſign.

I am RELIGION,—hear my chearing voice;
From heaven I come, diſorder'd man to cure;
In CHRIST, the Lord, to make the world rejoice,
And render their ſalvation firm and ſure.

I ſtrip each terror from Death's awful hour.
To God's Eternal Son your praiſes ſing,
Who, tho' the mangled victim of his power,
Blaſts all his conqueſts, blunts his mortal ſting.

He roſe triumphant; and a bliſsful train
Of ſaints redeem'd burſt from the ſilent duſt,
To grace his reſurrection, and to gain
Rewards unſpeakable amongſt the juſt.

Why then recoil at Death? that friend to man,
Phyſician for each ill to mortals giv'n,
Whoſe ſpace is wiſely meaſur'd to a ſpan,
To make him fix his wayward thoughts on heav'n.

Sin did ſo fatally the ſoil ſubdue,
That Death, with all his meagre train, took place;
With pain and anguiſh ſtill he doth purſue,
As lawful carnage, all the human race.

But when the mould'ring tenement falls down,
The tyrant is diſarm'd, and ſtands aghaſt;
The priſ'ner flies to gain a heav'nly crown.
And praiſe the Lord for dangers bravely paſt.

There, in a rapture of ſeraphic love,
At Jesus' bleſſed feet thoſe crowns are laid;
Sweet Halleluiah's ſwell the courts above,
To him whoſe bitter death their ranſom paid.

Can, then, the perils of this preſent ſcene,
Allay the courage Heav'nly Hope inſpires?
Thoſe great rewards, which Time hath never ſeen,
Shall bleſs the ſoul beyond its vaſt deſires.

She ceas'd: — My ſoul confided in her truth;
Nor longer wept th' unalterable doom.
Faith gives aſſurance of immortal youth,
Where ſaints ſhall flouriſh ſafe, beyond the tomb.

Come, Grace Divine, with all thy pow'rful aid;
Come, Heav'nly Fortitude, my ſoul inſpire;
Still in my view be JESUS' croſs diſplay'd;
That ſight to proper views my ſoul ſhall fire.

Early with weeping Mary let me go,
To ſee that bleſſed ſpot where JESUS lay:
The grave no more ſhall fright me whilſt below;
Reſign'd I'll mingle with my kindred clay,

Till that long-wiſh'd-for happy morning ſmile,
When God ſhall make the ſilent dead ariſe;
Each ſcatter'd particle ſhall come the while,
And fly to meet its Saviour in the ſkies.

There ſhall the happy ſoul and body meet,
With gratulations, eccſtaſy divine,
In blooming youth, immortal and complete,
Through endleſs years for evermore to ſhine.

Come,

Come, Death, thou gentle meſſenger of peace,
Why ſhould thy bugbear-phantoms me affright?
Thy ſtroke makes ev'ry painful feeling ceaſe,
And opes our paſſage to th' realms of light.

Elegy on Lord ELGIN.

SAY, Muſe, what mournful numbers now muſt flow!
What diſmal verſe can ſuit ſo vaſt a wo!
How to the ear this ſolemn truth convey,
That ELGIN mingles with his kindred clay!
That graceful form, ſcarce paſt life's freſheſt bloom,
When Nature promis'd lengthen'd years to come,
Lo! Death arreſts him in the ſilent tomb.

No more on earth his high-exalted mind,
And bleſs'd example, now inſtructs mankind!
Bold in an age like this vice to controul,
And curb each riſing folly in the ſoul;
Patron and father of th' unhappy poor,
Still ſent with ſmiles exulting from his door;
Each moral excellence his life confeſs'd,
And all the virtues glow'd within his breaſt.

What can avail! thou great Illuſtrious Shade,
What plaintive tears ſhall at thy ſhrine be paid?
Where ſhall we turn, where look, for worth like thine?
Who, highly born, ſhall now, like ELGIN, ſhine;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſoul, more than his birth, proclaim'd him great?
Untainted manners in the higheſt ſtate,
Each Chriſtian grace with true politeneſs join'd,
Proclaim'd him ſtill the friend of humankind.

And ſee! in ſolemn pomp his hearſe appears,
See the chief mourner *, lovely in his tears.
Heav'ns! how his guileleſs air, with ſorrow preſs'd,
Rais'd grief unfeign'd in every feeling breaſt.
Each eye that mark'd the ſcene did ſoftly flow,
In all the ſilent eloquence of wo.

Thou young immortal heir, to worlds unknown
Blaſted before thou wert to manhood blown,
To realms of bliſs too early art thou fled,
Too quickly rank'd amongſt the ſilent dead.
With ſcorn he ſpurn'd the honours of his birth;
No more a frail inhabitant of earth,
But with ſeraphic bloom he takes his flight,
To ſeek his ſire in yonder fields of light.

Devouring Death makes numbers fall a prey,
Whoſe names on Mem'ry's tablet quick decay.
Alas! what wonder! — all that did adorn
Or grac'd their lives, was, they were nobly born.
This poor reflection hurts the penſive mind,
When in the ſoul no grain of worth we find.

* *His ſon.* That

That greatneſs which from earth derives its name,
Is ſoon eras'd from the bright liſts of fame;
Whilſt worth which from inherent greatneſs flows,
Immortal honour from itſelf beſtows.

Such worth was thine, O ever-honour'd Shade!
Now in the gloomy tomb ſo quietly laid.
There, undiſturb'd, ſhall ſleep thy precious duſt,
Till the laſt peal to glory rouſe the juſt.

Oh! could the Muſe ſuch ſentiments impart,
As drive corroding anguiſh from the heart
Of yon afflicted mourner, drown'd in wo,
Or make her tears in milder torrents flow!
Great God! with fortitude her ſoul inſpire;
And bright Religion quench each fond deſire,
For bleſſings once her own, now torn away;
And let no lurking fond idea ſtay,
That muſt her ſoul with pungent ſorrow fill,
And almoſt murmur 'gainſt thy ſacred will.

But, ha! what means this radiant blaze of light?
A form angelic ſtrikes my raptur'd ſight.
Ye pow'rs, what melting numbers can declare
His heav'nly beauty, and exalted air!
He ſpeaks, the harmony of heav'n I hear,
Which thus ſtill vibrates on my raviſh'd ear.

Oh!

Oh! blind to that harmonious chain that draws,
In beauteous order, God's eternal laws;
Elſe grief would oft to ſcenes of gladneſs turn,
And tears of joy flow o'er his ſacred urn.
I am that guardian ſpirit by whoſe care
His ſoul was wafted far above the air.
Scarce had the tyrant gain'd his dreadful ſway,
Till angel-wing'd we reach'd eternal day.
Ten thouſand times more ſwift than thought can fly,
We ſprung, — we reach'd the throne of God moſt high.
Whilſt weeping friends bedew'd his cold remains,
His ſoul was tun'd to ſweet ſeraphic ſtrains,
Admir'd the wonders of redeeming love,
Join'd in full concert with the ſaints above,
His ſoul enlarg'd, exulted. — But no more
Can I deſcribe, nor you ſuch ſcenes explore:
Enough for man, to know God's ſacred will;
His higheſt end, thoſe precepts to fulfill;
Till bliſsful viſion end Faith's glimmering ray,
And Death convey the ſoul to perfect day.

Thus ſaid, he vaniſh'd from my gazing eyes,
And join'd his fellow-angels in the ſkies.

Elegy on Mr BRUCE of Clackmanan.

AH me! what fun'ral pomp is this appears!
In yonder aile — 'tis ſure ſome monarch lies.
The mournful nymphs and ſwains are bath'd in tears,
And rend the yielding air with diſmal cries.

Hark! ſad Melpomene, in doleful lays,
Cries, BRUCE, the laſt of all that ancient line,
Whoſe virtuous actions claim immortal praiſe,
And force a tribute from the tuneful Nine.

Fell archer! on our joys thou doſt intrude;
Nor birth, nor Virtue's ſelf, can 'ſcape thy ſway:
Could their united powers thy force elude,
BRUCE ne'er had mingled with the ſilent clay.

But fix'd by ſad mortality's dread fate,
Man's born the deſtin'd victim of the grave;
Alike muſt prove th' unalterable ſtate,
The thoughtleſs fool, the learned, and the brave.

But

But falls the worthy BRUCE unſung by bards,
  Deſcends he to the tomb without one lay,
Whilſt venal ſcribblers, urg'd by mean rewards,
  Make pompous vice appear as bright as day?

No, ſure: Though conſcious of th' unequal verſe,
  A youthful Muſe bedews his ſacred urn;
Eſſays his matchleſs virtues to rehearſe.
  Till all with imitative ardour burn.

But how ſhall all the Nine declare his worth?
  In every character of life, confeſs'd,
Light weighs the ſcales of his illuſtrious birth,
  Pois'd with the many virtues he poſſeſs'd.

Benevolence, with all the ſocial train
  Of mildeſt graces, lodg'd within his breaſt.
The ſupplicating poor ne'er pled in vain,
  But amply found their ſorrows all redreſs'd.

But faint the painter's ſkill, or poet's art,
  To trace the genuine worth that fir'd his mind.
The amiable feelings of his heart
  Were ornamental to the human kind.

What boots theſe valu'd gifts? when Death aſſails,
  The monarch moulders like the private man:
Th' inſatiate archer over all prevails,
  Our ſhort duration bounded to a ſpan.

Though Summer's pleaſing beauties yields to froſt,
Returning Spring gives flow'rs and herbs the reign;
But when man's tranſient fleeting breath is loſt,
No more he treads diſtinguiſh'd life again.

Yet vain we ſeek him 'mongſt the ſilent dead;
He angel wing'd to heav'n took rapid flight;
From Age, from pale Diſeaſe, from Death, he fled,
To gain immortal youth in fields of light.

There he God's works with wonder doth purſue,
His great probation finiſh'd here below;
That rapt'rous viſion burſts upon his view,
Which makes th' angelic choir with ardour glow.

This chearing Hope ſuſtains yon mournful fair,
Whoſe loſs not ſcepter'd monarchs can reſtore,
Gives her the blow with fortitude to bear,
Till they unite above to part no more.

But ſoft! for lo, a radiant band appear,
Of martial heroes clad in armour bright,
Whoſe gleaming ſteel, and nodding helmets clear,
Illume the place with more than mortal light.

And next a bright majeſtic female form,
With goddeſs-like demeanour, gilds their train;
Angelic beauty did her face adorn,
Whilſt ſadly ſweet ſhe ſung this plaintive ſtrain.

Hail!

Hail! Mortal, view this warlike band of old,
So great, ſo fierce, ſubdu'd alone by Time,
On earth, by me inſpir'd, in me behold
The ancient genius of the BRUCIAN line.

How have I led them on to deathleſs Fame,
Whoſe deeds hiſtoric annals ſtill ſupply!
Proud Caledonia gloried in that name,
Whoſe great, whoſe god-like actions ne'er ſhall die.

Th' extinction of that ancient race bewail;
BRUCE falls like an exalted mountain-oak,
Whoſe ſhelt'ring foliage gay could not avail,
When thund'ring winds gave the o'erturning ſhock.

Long have I hover'd o'er yon mighty walls,
Have ſeen my champions fix the fate of kings:
Ah me! muſt ſtrangers now feaſt in my halls?
Sad emblem of all ſublunary things.

No, ſure: — Whilſt Heav'n protects yon peerleſs dame,
To chear her friends, t' inſtruct a world below,
There bleſſings flow, which verſe can ne'er proclaim,
And which on earth God ſeldom doth beſtow.

Who

Who after her ſhall grace the feſtive board ?
Shall dare aſſume her pow'r, and fill her place ?
Not all inventive Lux'ry can afford
Shall match her winning, mild, perſuaſive grace.

But let the prophet guide the poet's verſe :
Bruce in theſe tow'rs once more a name ſhall raiſe,
Once more their ancient honours ſhall increaſe,
And late Poſterity reſound their praiſe.

Verſes

Verſes ſacred to the Memory of Mrs BONAR.

WHY ſhould the Muſe with hopeleſs ſorrow mourn,
And unavailing tears ſhed o'er her urn,
Whoſe ſoaring ſoul now joins the heav'nly throng.
Where the redeem'd pour forth a rapt'rous ſong,
Exerting her new faculties to raiſe
A glorious anthem to her Saviour's praiſe?
Yet ſelfiſh Grief muſt ſtill her loſs deplore,
Whoſe bright example here inſtructs no more;
No more ſhe vies, on earth, with ſaints above,
In pure devotion, ſacred zeal, and love,
Whilſt ſaving truths, which from her lips did flow,
Confirm'd the young, and made their boſoms glow;
Truths which from her had deeper cauſe to move,
Becauſe her life their pow'rful force did prove.
Alas! thoſe high-priz'd gifts are ever fled,
For ever mingl'd with the ſilent dead.

'Tis falſe: — We ſtill each bright perfection trace,
A ſhining pattern to the female race,

T'

Tho' Heav'n, for gracious ends, her virtue try'd,
Heroic Courage adverſe ſhafts defied.
She ſaw her riſing youth to manhood reach,
In love and duty each excelling each:
All gentle virtues did her life attend;
Whate'r could grace the mother, wife, or friend,
Whate'er could dignify the human kind,
With pious warmth, and active pow'rs, were join'd.

O! could our hearts with ſuch devotion glow,
Departed ſaint, our tears might ceaſe to flow;
Like thee, to God might calmly yield our breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of Death.
For light as ſhadows fly all earthly pow'r;
Ev'n kings recoil at that important hour.
The Chriſtian only can the hero prove,
And gain immortal crowns in worlds above.
To ſuch th' approach of Death breeds no diſmay,
Since CHRIST himſelf once trod that gloomy way;
Yet quick he roſe, and triumph'd o'er the grave,
With ample pow'r, a ſinful world to ſave.
By faith on that great Rock ſhe fix'd her eye,
Which did the tyrant's dreadful pow'r defy.

Here Fancy glances at yon ſolemn place,
Where ſhe was number'd with the heav'nly race.

Whilſt weeping friends ſtood round with tearful eyes,
Surrounding ſeraphs guarded her demiſe.
Methinks I hear one of the heav'nly kind
Thus hail and welcome her unbodied mind.

Come, bleſſed ſaint! accepted of thy God,
Well haſt thou us'd the talent Heav'n beſtow'd.
Thy pure deſires, thy fervent prayers have flown,
As incenſe up before the ſacred throne.
With joy I'll waft thee through the airy way,
Aſſur'd, the gracious Lord we all obey,
Approves, and quickly ſhall for thee prepare
A glorious crown, which bleſs'd immortals wear.
Thy ſoul enlarg'd, ſhall heav'nly wonders view,
And God's fair works through endleſs years purſue.
That rapt'rous faith which kindled love below,
In bleſs'd fruition ever more ſhall glow.
Eternity itſelf too ſhort will prove,
To ſing the praiſes of redeeming love.

Thy much-lamented friend, now fully bleſs'd,
Shall hail thee ſoon his long-expected gueſt,
Though crown'd with ſacred wreaths amongſt the juſt,
With joy beheld thee faithful to thy truſt,

Beheld th' aſpirings of your pious mind,
To form thoſe infant-ſouls to thee aſſign'd.
Great was the taſk, and well atchiev'd by thee.
Victorious, now, from Death's fell rage ſet free,
Both may perhaps, unſeen, their guardians prove,
And from their youth each latent ill remove.

That bleſs'd example which to them was giv'n,
By grace divine, may form their ſouls to heav'n.

Verſes

Verſes to the Memory of the late Reverend Mr SMITH, Dunning.

ALAS! what mis'ries o'er the life of man,
By ſad Mortality's dread law is ſpread!
How like a vapour glides the fleeting ſpan,
Which quickly ranks him with the ſilent dead!

Man like a beauteous flow'r in morn appears,
Freſh opening all its glories to the day;
But cropt ere noon, a wither'd aſpect wears,
Trod under foot, ſoon ſhrinks to quick decay.

So often in the pride of youthful bloom,
The ſons of Adam fall a prey to Death,
From honours torn, they drop into the tomb,
Whilſt weeping friends deplore their parting breath.

Here mourns a father o'er his much-lov'd ſon;
Here ſighs a widow wretched and forlorn;
Whilſt others, by the cares of life undone,
Are by a thouſand fruitleſs paſſions torn.

But ſoft! — from whence proceeds this mournful
ſound!
From yonder room? — Ha! — what a diſmal
grone!
Who by yon fun'ral bed ſit weeping round?
In agoniſing wo they ſigh and moan.

A mournful eloquence dwells in their eyes;
Silent and ſad their looks to heav'n aſcend.
But breathleſs, cold, and pale, he ever lies,
Their kind protector, brother, father, friend.

Dear, tender names! in one for ever fled.
Ye ſympathiſing friends, that pity know,
Approach with awe, and juſtly mourn the dead;
To grief like theirs a ſacred rev'rence ſhow.

For ne'er from Sorrow's ever-ſtreaming eye,
The humid tears more reaſon had to flow:
Ne'er did the wounded boſom heave a ſigh,
Or prove a more afflictive cauſe of wo.

No more ſhall his inſtructive language chear
The heart when ſad, or calmly whiſper peace:
For Friendſhip's ſacred force can baniſh fear,
And bid each tumult in the boſom ceaſe.

This

This art was his : for Harmony and Truth,
Fair Virtue, Piety, with eaſe combin'd,
With ev'ry nobler grace, to form his youth,
And guard from abject views th' immortal mind.

Large were the virtues of his friendly heart,
Tho' vail'd by modeſty from public view.
His worth to choſen friends he did impart,
Which as the more 'twas known, the dearer grew.

Benevolence and Juſtice rul'd his mind;
E'en whilſt ſome thorny paths of life he trod,
To conquer Vice his ſoul was ſtill inclin'd,
And fire the lukewarm heart with love to God.

But ah! 'tis paſt! and mortal things no more
Can e'er employ his unembodied ſoul,
Now ſafely landed on the heav'nly ſhore,
Where human paſſions never more ſhall roll.

No more Diſeaſe nor Death ſhall him affright;
But God's eternal day on him ſhall ſhine;
And whilſt he raptur'd treads yon fields of light,
Exults and ſings the pow'r of grace divine.

Ah, think! whilſt weeping o'er the ſenſeleſs clay,
Your briny tears bedew his cold remains,
The ſpirit, borne by ſeraphs, wings its way,
To yonder regions where the Saviour reigns.

With what delight and wonder will he trace
The matchleſs glories of his Sovereign Lord!
With ecſtaſy ſurvey the boundleſs ſpace,
Where JESUS is by raptur'd ſaints ador'd!

Think on this glorious ſcene, and dry your tears,
Ye friends, who juſtly mourn a brother gone;
Nor meaſure virtue by a length of years,
Which oft in blooming youth obtains renown.

The ſoul that early feels its influence mild,
Partakes the nobleſt joys life can beſtow;
Whilſt dull unconſcious age remains a child,
Tho' rev'rend ſilver hairs adorn the brow.

The mighty arbiter of life and death,
Has to each ſoul its ſpace of time aſſign'd;
But hides the moments of departing breath;
Which whiſpers us, to watch, and be reſign'd.

Death is to nature dreadful and ſevere;
But faith in God diſpels the awful gloom;
Bids fairer worlds beyond the grave appear,
Where through eternal years the ſoul ſhall bloom.

Elegy on the death of a Siſter, who died in the ſixteenth year of her age.

WHilſt Nature lies in ſilence, whilſt the moon
A glimm'ring light doth through my window ſhed,
Awake, my Muſe, and ſeize this awful gloom,
And trace ſome moral leſſons from the dead.

For ſure no orator ſo well can preach,
Or to my wounded breaſt this truth convey,
In words ſo ſtrong as MARIA's aſhes teach,
That all muſt ſhortly mingle with the clay.

Dear hapleſs Virgin! cropt in life's warm bloom,
Whilſt ſanguine proſpects fire the throbbing breaſt,
No fairer victim ever grac'd the tomb,
By death conſign'd to everlaſting reſt.

Ah me! how cold and ſilent now ſhe lies!
That gentle form which once look'd freſh and gay,
Th' animating ſparks fled to the ſkies,
Which render'd active that endearing clay!

For

For laviſh Nature early did adorn
With ev'ry grace: — Few could with her compare.
The mildeſt luſtre of the op'ning morn,
Bloom'd on her angel-form, and made it fair.

But as ſweet roſes cropt ſoon feel decay,
Slow ling'ring Sickneſs nipt her youthful prime;
Quick from her cheek the roſes fled away,
Which warn'd her ſoul to ſeek a purer clime.

How ſhall I paint her in the arms of Death!
Or how do juſtice to that awful hour!
What heroiſm mark'd her lateſt breath,
When faith diſarm'd the tyrant of his pow'r!

Though warm in blooming youth, yet quite reſign'd:
The herald wore no terrors on his face;
Heav'n's gentle meſſenger he ſeem'd deſign'd,
To waft her ſoul to everlaſting peace.

Still do I ſee Death's languor ſhade her eye;
Alas! my heart was tortur'd with the ſight;
And ſtill I hear that laſt emphatic ſigh,
By which th'immortal ſpirit took its flight.

O Death! what art thou? ghaſtly phantom ſay,
What horrid change is this on Beauty's bloom,
That quick we yield it to the grave a prey?
Be ſure a brighter ſcene ſucceeds thy gloom.

But thou, dear Spirit, now got paſt his pow'r,
On wings of lucid air ſtand fair confeſs'd;
Before me, as I weep, in ſome lone hour,
Beneath ſome gloomy ſhade with wo oppreſs'd,

O charm my fancy with immortal themes;
Let me no more at thy ſad fate repine;
Or bright in heav'nly beauty bleſs my dreams,
And tell me (for thou canſt) the worth of time.

The myſtic ways, that providential nod
Of all-diſpoſing Heav'n, doſt thou relate;
For nothing but the gracious will of God
Could reconcile me to your early fate.

Declare what region far above the ſky,
What bow'rs of fragrant bliſs your ſoul contains;
What radiant ſeraph lent thee wings to fly,
With ſpeed of angels, through th' æthereal plains.

But hark! 'tis more than mortal voice I hear;
It ſtrikes m' aſtoniſh'd ear with ſolemn ſound:
Methinks it bids me wipe this fruitleſs tear;
Thoſe ſcenes beyond the grave can ne'er be found.

For 'tis a dark irremeable way,
Once paſs'd, no mortal can repaſs again;
Nor till myſelf have left the brittle clay,
Inſtructive Death thoſe myſt'ries can explain.

Whilſt here below, the word of God is giv'n,
To guide our ſteps through this enſnaring ſcene;
Obſerve thoſe precepts, for they lead to heav'n,
And for its paſſage make the ſoul ſerene.

Hail, bleſs'd Religion! ſouls inſpir'd by thee,
By faith confide in this eternal truth,
That when the laſt dread trump ſets pris'ners free,
Each moulder'd form aſſumes immortal youth.

This gilds the horror of the gloomy tomb,
And animates with chearful hope the juſt,
Who know, the pow'r that points the gen'ral doom
To glory ſhall revive their ſilent duſt.

To Mr ———, upon receiving a preſent of Miſs Carter's Poems.

OH! how ſhall I my grateful thoughts declare,
To DAMON, for his noble preſent giv'n,
For lines that ſure muſt charm the breaſt of care,
Or bid the raptur'd ſoul aſpire to heav'n?

No miſer e'er ſuch genuine pleaſure knew,
When viſiting his heaps of glitt'ring ore,
As in my breaſt, by gentle thrillings, grew,
When I perus'd this volume o'er and o'er.

O may th' obliging author of that joy,
Feel all the pleaſures Virtue can impart;
May never any fretful care annoy,
Or reach the peaceful corners of his heart.

But calm, yet chearful like the morning ray,
May conſcious goodneſs brighten all his hours;
May no thick cloud obſcure life's chearful day,
Nor ſpleen e'er damp his intellectual pow'rs.

When buſied on the theatre of life,
Should e'er ſome latent paſſion fiercely roll,
May then his guardian angel calm the ſtrife,
Before th' impure infection ſtain the ſoul.

And when by ſoaring contemplation driv'n,
His ſpirit mounts beyond terreſtrial things,
Ambitious of the nobler joys of heav'n,
May he behold with ſcorn the pride of kings.

What glorious ſcenes muſt glad th' enlighten'd mind,
By Virtue and fair Science taught to glow!
Joys too ſublime, and pleaſures too refin'd,
For half the buſtling multitude to know.

O envy'd gift! which Fortune can't procure,
Still ſhine th' immortal graces of the ſoul;
And which by cultivation ſhall endure,
When earth and circling planets ceaſe to roll.

When all external graces fade away,
And beauty lies forgotten in the tomb,
Immortal mind ſubmits to no decay,
But flouriſhes in everlaſting bloom.

To Miſs ———, on painting the houſe; or, The Spider's Advice.

THE blacken'd walls MYRTILLA view'd with pain;
The riſing cobwebs did her ſoul diſguſt.
Fie, fie! ſhe ſcornful cried, with vaſt diſdain,
They're dirty trollops ſure that live in duſt.

Avaunt! ye vermin! fly from ev'ry room;
'Twixt you and me henceforth be war proclaim'd.
Thus ſaid, the cruel ſwinging buſhy broom
Swept hidden corners, and each inſect maim'd.

Down black in troops, like ſhow'rs of hail they flew;
With dirt and duſt the nymph was hardly ſeen:
As after war, ſhe ſaid, peace doth enſue,
So, Heav'n be prais'd, this dirt ſhall make us clean.

The duſt ſubſides, the walls are white as ſnow,
Pure as the wreaths on yonder hill appear:
MYRTILLA's breaſt with ſudden joy did glow;
She ſmil'd, and went to ſee if all was clear.

When

When ſtill, within a dark receſs immur'd,
His artful toil a harmleſs Spider ply'd;
And whilſt from ſight he deem'd himſelf ſecur'd,
The Nymph's quick eye the lab'ring inſect ſpy'd.

Ah, wretch! ſhe cried, ſoon ſhall deſtruction ſeize
Yourſelf, your loom, with all your inſect race;
What impudence, before mine eyes to raiſe
Your filmy texture which my walls diſgrace?

She ſaid; — and rais'd her hand to ſtrike the blow,
When, wond'rous to relate! the Spider cried,
Alas! for pity ſtop, regard my wo;
So mean a victim's ſure beneath your pride.

Behold the conqueſts you've already made,
And ſlaughters not unworthy your fair eyes;
Then let it not in ſuch a liſt be ſaid,
A wretched humble Spider gaſps and dies.

If once my curious web be blown to air,
Not all your art the tiſſue can replace.
'Tis like a lady's honour, freſh and fair,
Once ſoil'd, not worlds can cure the dire diſgrace.

Thoſe outward ornaments, alas! will fail;
Let ſome more laſting charm the loſs ſupply:
For Time will o'er your whited walls prevail,
And Death will ſnatch the luſtre from each eye.

Then

Then turn toward your mind with inward care;
There ſweep and cleanſe, there plant each noble grace:
Thoſe charms, in ſpite of Time, ſhall make thee fair,
And add freſh beauties to your wrinkl'd face.

Fix'd like a ſtatue ſtood the wond'ring maid;
No more the Spider's death her ſoul inſpir'd:
Deep in her boſom ſunk the words it ſaid,
And quick to practiſe them her mind was fir'd.

Verſes on the Birth of Miſs F—— E——.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

VIRG.

COme, Muſes, tune to ſofteſt notes my lyre,
And ev'ry boſom catch the rapt'rous fire.
Let ALLOA reſound, rejoice, and ſing;
Each hill and grove with acclamations ring:
Th' illuſtrious houſe of MAR doth now increaſe;
And, lo! a virgin comes to crown their bliſs.
Moulded by Nature in the loveliеſt bloom,
Fair harbinger of heroes yet to come.
Hail her, ye natives! to her kindred groves,
Where ſportive Graces haunt, and laughing Loves,
Where ancient tracks of MAR's immortal mind,
Appear in the vaſt projects he deſign'd.

Peace!—Mighty Shade, if parted ſpirits know
How their deſcendents manage here below,
Thou joy muſt feel e'en in the realms of bliſs,
To ſee thine offspring ſettled here in peace.

But

But, lo! a form clear to the Muſe's eye,
Parts from a radiant cloud, and cleaves the ſky.
A circling glory round his head he wears:
'Tis Fame; for on his breaſt the name appears.
He ſmiles; my boſom feels unuſual fire;
To reach his ſacred fane I quick aſpire.
Doſt thou, he ſaid, attempt the paths of Fame?
Go celebrate the mighty ——'s name;
For many a hero of that ancient race
Stands on my liſt, which Time can ne'er efface.
With gladſome lays proclaim this Infant's birth.
May ſhe attain her great anceſtor's worth;
May ev'ry female excellence be found
Within her ſoul, by ſacred Wiſdom crown'd.
May thoſe refin'd ſenſations parents know,
With ev'ry circling year more keenly glow;
Whilſt, with a grateful joy, their eyes ſhall trace,
Each ſolid virtue dignify their race.

Bleſs'd pair! — whoſe actions on my altar blaze,
By virtue form'd, to gain immortal praiſe.
If their example might our youth improve,
They'd ſcoff no longer at connubial love;
But tread with honour Virtue's ſacred paths,
And taſte the heart-felt bleſſings ſhe bequeaths.

Ye Muſes, tune with haſte your golden lyre;
Conſpicuous worth ſhall brighteſt thoughts inſpire.

He ſaid, and vaniſh'd! — Wonder ſeiz'd my breaſt:
So vaſt a theme my feeble pow'rs ſuppreſt.

To

To Mrs ERSKINE, upon ſeeing her at table with all her Children round her.

CHarm'd into rapture with the beauteous ſight,
The Muſes from their fragrant bow'r did light;
Beheld you like a radiant Empreſs grac'd,
Sweet pledges of your love around you plac'd.

Like ſome prolific ſtem in yonder field,
When fruitful Ceres rich increaſe does yield;
Each ſo reſembling each, 'twould try a ſage,
To gueſs exactly which excell'd in age.
Fair, blooming, lovely, playful, ſmiling boys!
Cement divine of hymeneal joys!
A thrilling pleaſure ruſh'd through ev'ry vein.
I try'd to tune my lyre; but try'd in vain,
'Gainſt all the Nine: politeneſs then conſpir'd,
Made me repreſs the ardour they inſpir'd.
Yet Memory the ſcene recalls to view,
Bids me the Muſe's dictates ſtill purſue.

Then let my humble verſe approach thine ear,
Urg'd by no venal thought, but love ſincere,
Which dormant long within my breaſt had place,
And feels an inbred warmth for all your race.

And thou, diſtinguiſh'd fair! with bleſſings crown'd,
Increaſer of a houſe ſo long renown'd,
May Heav'nly Wiſdom all your boſom fire,
Their infant minds with precepts to inſpire,
With care their dawning faculty to tend,
And riſing ſparks of genius rightly bend.
May worth and merit, more than birth, declare
The real offspring of Illuſtrious MAR.

Whilſt circling ſeaſons fly with rapid pace,
And all thoſe years of childhood quite eraſe,
May then each amiable grace impart,
Sweet balmy pleaſures to their parents heart.
May probity and truth each heart employ,
And gild your lateſt hours with pureſt joy.

But, lo! — from yonder room a nurſe appears!
A lovely Infant in her hand ſhe bears.
I gaz'd, the little Cherub ſweetly ſmil'd:
She might have Malice of its rage beguil'd.

What

What thanks, what humble reverence is due,
For ſuch a child, and living mother too.
Thus as I mus'd, a heav'nly voice I hear,
Sounding theſe accents on my liſt'ning ear:
Sweet MARIANNE, like the freſh unblown roſe,
Whoſe fragrant bloſſom Time ſhall quick diſcloſe,
Kind gift to mitigate your mother's throes.

Thou artleſs ſtranger, uſher'd here below,
Thy parents hope, who feels the tender glow
Of gratitude and rapture ſwell each mind,
To God, who ſuch a charge to them aſſign'd,
To ſhare thoſe dear inexplicable ties
That in a parent's ſoul ſo fondly riſe,
Whilſt they thy guileleſs looks with pleaſure trace,
Thou fair addition to their noble race.

Hail! young, immortal, ſmiling Infant, riſe
Beyond low ſcenes, and court thy native ſkies.
Thy op'ning years may guardian angels tend,
And from each mean purſuit thy ſoul defend.
May Virtue, Wiſdom, Piety, and Truth,
With mingl'd Modeſty, adorn thy youth.
If their united charms your heart engage,
You'll ſhun the reigning foibles of the age,

Where

Where Diſſipation precious Time doth waſte.
And vainly mimics ſentiment and taſte.
Thoſe Hydra forms bold Faſhion ſtrives to hide,
Whilſt unenjoy'd the fleeting moments glide.

On

On hearing the Miſs MAITLANDS. ſing, and play on the Harpſichord.

STruck with the matchleſs view, I ſtood amaz'd!
And in emphatic ſilence fondly gaz'd.
Such notes diſcordant paſſions quite ſuppreſt,
And tun'd to rapture all my feeling breaſt.
Whilſt ſuch angelic beauty ſtrikes the ſtrings,
Who can perſuade me 'tis a mortal ſings?

Ye pow'rs of ſacred Harmony, I ſaid,
Help me to celebrate each charming maid.
Such melting lays muſt not in air be loſt:
More fine than Orpheus' lyre could ever boaſt.
Ye tuneful Nine, your wonted ſuccours bring;
'Tis God's diſtinguiſh'd faireſt work I ſing.

The Muſes all, a bliſsful ſmiling train,
Flock'd to admire the Nymphs, and hear the ſtrain:

The

The heav'nly ſounds ſilenc'd 'em with ſurpriſe;
Abaſh'd, they fled, and ſought their native ſkies.

Wiſhful I look'd; when in a blaze of light,
Apollo ſtood confeſs'd before my ſight.
His ſhining garments made my ſoul rejoice;
His harp he tun'd, in concert to their voice.

Behold! he ſaid: — Whilſt peerleſs Beauty plays,
'Tis I that animate, that guide their lays.
Without mine aid, no ſounds can reach the heart:
I life and force to ev'ry touch impart.
'Tis true, celeſtial Venus lent her aid,
Her beauteous form was ſtript to deck each maid.
That ceſtus which ſhould hearts in fetters bind,
To each ſhe as a fragrant gift aſſign'd;
Whilſt Cupid with their ringlets ſtrings his bow,
And ſteals their ſighs, to rule the world below.
But ah! without my ſoul-refining grace,
Poor ſhine the tinctures of the faireſt face;
For Beauty's fragrant bloom flies ſwift away.
My charms improve, nor ever feel decay.
I from their mental ſight all miſt remove,
Infuſing Harmony, fair Truth, and Love,
With ſweet Simplicity's bewitching charms,
Which unawares the coldeſt boſom warms.

New

New graces ſhall they gain each flying hour:
I lead to pleaſures permanent and ſure,
Inſtilling arts, which gain a laſting fame,
And fix immortal honours on their name.

He ſmil'd, and quickly vaniſh'd from my ſight;
A cloud conceal'd the radiant God of Light.

To Miſs D. ROLLO, on being deſired to read her Fortune.

WHat beauteous form is this attracts my ſight,
From other objects gently ſteals my heart,
Mild as ſome ſeraph in yon fields of light,
With ſweet Simplicity, unknown to art?

Had youthful Paris ſeen this bluſhing maid,
The Cyprian queen had loſt the golden prize;
Nor had Helena's charms his heart betray'd,
Nor rous'd the vengeful empreſs of the ſkies.

Bleſs'd Maid! they bid me turn the myſtic page,
Fortune's unſtable windings ſet to view,
And tell what youths ſuch charms may yet engage,
And each the radiant prize with zeal purſue.

Bold taſk indeed! Beyond the fickle pow'r
Of that capricious goddeſs doth ſhe move,
Whoſe winning ſmiles may conquerors allure,
To pawn their wealth and glory for her love.

Thus

Thus as I paus'd, the ſoul-inſtructing Nine,
To own her worth, came flutt'ring to mine aid,
Whoſe ever-tuneful voices did combine,
To fix the merit of the beauteous maid.

Go, ſaid the Muſes, tune your golden lyre:
There ſhines an object worth our pureſt lays,
Whoſe charms immortal numbers may inſpire,
And make ſucceeding matrons ſound her praiſe.

O Pallas! guard her from each trifling art,
Which meaner beauties of her ſex purſue;
Too low, too vile, to fix the noble heart,
And only can unthinking minds ſubdue.

Tho' Nature's bounteous hand has form'd her fair,
To higher ſources muſt ſhe owe her fame,
To charms which Time's rude march can ne'er impair,
But bloom through endleſs ages ſtill the ſame.

May poliſh'd Senſe, fair Sanctity, and Truth,
With Female Dignity, her mind adorn;
May ſacred Wiſdom guard her blooming youth,
And add freſh beauties to the faultleſs form.

Go, lovely Nymph! make theſe your chiefeſt care;
Without the gift of prophecy, they'll prove
The means to baffle ev'ry earthly ſnare,
And ſmooth your paſſage to th' realms above.

A SONG.

Tune, *My Deary, an' thou die.*

O Ceaſe, dear youth, my fate to mourn;
Death gives me liberty:
Let no ſad tear bedew mine urn,
Or ſhare one pang for me.

For when my ſpirit roves at large,
From this ſad frame gets free,
Your guardian angel quits his charge;
For I'll take care of thee.

And ſure no happier taſk above,
My ſoul ſhall ſeek to know,
But guard thee with angelic love,
Whilſt thou remain'ſt below.

If e'er fell Paſſion move your mind
To rage, with lawleſs fire,
With heav'nly aid I'll entrance find,
And virt'ous thoughts inſpire.

And when your ſoul ſhall take its flight,
  Set free from earthly pains,
I'll waft you to yon fields of light,
  Where love immortal reigns.

There with diviſneſt muſic ſooth
  Your ſoul to heav'nly ſtrains;
And ever with eternal youth,
  Rove through th' æthereal plains.

Upon

Upon reading the Death of ABEL.

AS my ſad eyes did GESNER's tale purſue,
Primeval manners roſe before my view.
I view'd the pair from paradiſe expell'd,
By Raphael's dreadful flaming ſword repell'd.
As to explore new worlds they mourning went,
What wiſhful looks to Eden's ſhades were ſent!
Bleſs'd ſhades! whoſe bygone pleaſures now aroſe
In Mem'ry's eye, and gave them tort'ring throes.
There bliſs with God and angels might they boaſt,
By ſad offence and dire tranſgreſſion loſt.
Oh! what remorſe, what ſelf-condemning wo,
Then made the ſources of their eyes o'erflow,
As penſive through the pathleſs wilds they fled,
Yet, tho' unſeen, by God's good angel led!

But ne'er in ſinful hearts did Love's ſoft fire
Such pure delight and tenderneſs inſpire.
Such bliſs again ne'er dwelt below the ſkies:
Soon ſmiling ſons and daughters glad their eyes;
Whilſt ABEL's voice, in ſoft harmonious ſounds,
At early dawn, through woods and groves reſounds.

To all his haunts my roving fancy flies,
There hear him vent his morning-ſacrifice.

Sure

Sure Adam deem'd himſelf in Eden's bow'rs,
His voice the muſic of angelic pow'rs.

O Sin! thy fatal ſignatures ſoon blaz'd!
See Cain! by curs'd Envy quite diſeas'd
At his bleſs'd friend, than angel ſcarcely leſs,
Which rais'd his gloomy ſoul to fierce exceſs.
Mortals, beware! for ſtill that ranc'rous foe
At Truth and Virtue aims a deadly blow.
Cruſh ſuch a viper ere it ſtain the ſoul,
And like a tyrant rage beyond controul.
For, ah! no ſooner were his hands embru'd,
Than God's vindictive vengeance him purſu'd.
We weep; the bleeding Shade before us gleams;
But ſtill the murd'rer all our pity claims.
Who can ſupport the complicated pain,
That once-delighted family did ſuſtain?
Cain's weeping infants ſwell the ſcene of wo,
Tear ev'ry heart, and make the eyes o'erflow.

Ye wives, from fair Mahala catch the charm,
Your huſbands ſtubborn paſſions to diſarm;
View her deploring o'er his brutal rage,
Yet meekly try his mis'ry to aſſuage.
We ſee the weeping ſupplicating fair,
Her voice to God for pardon rends the air:
Nay farther, that her love no bounds might know,
A fugitive with him ſhe dares to go,

And

And there the trackleſs deſerts to explore,
And ne'er behold her weeping parents more.

Be this, ye fair, your rule, this maxim prize,
Ye who are leagu'd in chaſte connubial ties.
Think, if your huſbands act a wayward part,
'Tis mild perſuaſive ſoftneſs gains the heart.
Man, proud by nature, conſcious of his ſway,
The loud tyrannic ſcold ſcorns to obey.
That gentle ſweetneſs which at firſt did charm,
Muſt ſtill conſpire all rudeneſs to diſarm,
To mould thoſe paſſions where his weakneſs lies.
Ye fair, the day's your own, were ye but wiſe.

HAPPINESS.

A VISION.

THAT the ſoul of man is formed to enjoy the higheſt happineſs, ſeems clear to thoſe who have made that important point their inquiry.

God created man at firſt after his own image; gave him dominion over all things on earth, to rule and govern them, with rational powers, capable of making the higheſt diſcovery of thoſe works which beautify the face of the earth, or glorioufly illume the ſtarry ſky. Thus happy might he have lived, till, by great attainments in virtue and excellence, he had approached near the angelic nature, and been tranſlated into that beatific viſion, where all is harmony and endleſs joy.

But his diſobedience forfeited thoſe high privileges. The law of mortality paſſed upon him; and ſin diſeaſed the powers of his mind. No longer does his ſoul ſoar upward to things pure and ſpiritual. The vile part of his nature now con-

ſtantly wars with his nobler powers. At the ſame time the love of God is evident to man, by offering happineſs in ſpite of his depravity; and makes the attainment of it poſſible in this life, could we but enter on the right path.

Whence comes it, then, that we ſo miſs the entrance, and bewilder ourſelves in a deſert of cares? Is not Happineſs the aim of each individual? Doth not every action point thereto? Tho' in ſuch diverſity of opinions, it muſt be courted in various forms, ſtill I hear this general and emphatic ſigh, uttering with the poet,

" Man never is, but always to be, bleſs'd."

Some abſent good courts the imagination, almoſt ſcorning the preſent joys. But whilſt we eagerly ſpread our expecting arms to claſp the fleeting viſionary bliſs, the unreal phantom glides away in air, and ſtill eludes our graſp. Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, how miſerable is the ſtate of man, deſiring what he never can obtain, yet blamed if he do not! Tired at laſt with this fruitleſs reſearch into the cauſe of human wo, I fell aſleep; where Fancy preſented me with the following ſcene.

I found myſelf ſupinely ſtretched beneath the ſpreading branches of an aged elm, which formed

a canopy over my head. A murmuring rivulet played by in ſweet meanders; which, with different objects from every point of view, made my boſom glow with hope and joy. Here, ſaid I, has Happineſs erected her throne; here will I reſt from the vain buſtle of life; whilſt the melody of ſeveral ſinging birds completed the luxurious ſcene. At this I beheld a fair form, with ſeveral ſmiling nymphs, coming towards me. I have heard your ſoliloquy, ſaid the maid, I have pitied your deluſion; follow me, and confeſs, that felicity rewards the happy few, who, by nobly perſevering in the paths I point out, gain the pinacle of Virtue's ſteep aſcent. Thus ſaid, ſhe ſnatched my hand, leading to an ivory gate; which opened at her approach; and when we entered, it moved ſpontaneous on golden hinges, and cloſed of itſelf. A new ſcene ſtruck my raptured ſight; a wonderful harmony thrilled through my nerves; whilſt I followed my guide with ſurpriſing alacrity, I felt new pleaſures ruſh upon me as I trod. We entered a ſolemn walk, whoſe branches, mingling in the top, formed an awful contemplative ſcene. A ſerene gravity now baniſhed thoſe liſtleſs inactive ideas which before ſoothed me with a mock phantom of happineſs. Following my guide, who ſtopped at an alcove, whoſe exceeding beauty invited me in to reſt, there I beheld a vaſt croud

of people below me; variouſly employed. Some were ſcrambling up ſteep rocks, where ſprigs of trees branched here and there; which the forlorn mortals caught hold of, to prevent them from falling; but the twigs always gave way, and the unhappy victims fell to the ground. I beheld others eagerly climbing up tall trees, laden with goodly fruit: they plucked, and eat; but inſtead of feeling a ſavoury taſte, I ſaw them ſpit the falſe morſel away, and quit the trees in a ſeeming frenzy. Others were apart in mirth and jollity; whilſt muſic and the ſong ſeem'd to drown all care. I obſerved, they often attempted to embrace each other; but a cloud, inſtead of the deſired object, tantalized, and rendered the fond deſire fruitleſs. Others ſat pale and dejected by rocks and precipices, which overhung a deep muddy river, into whoſe fatal ſtreams many plunged, and aroſe no more. Diſmayed a little at this contraſted ſcene, I aſked my guide what it meant; who thus inſtructed me.

Thoſe hapleſs mortals ſcorn to enter my ſimple paths; but vainly imagine to find happineſs their own way. Following the bent of their fooliſh mind, Miſery and Care reward their toil. That forceleſs Pleaſure inveigles her deluded votaries by various ways to ruin.

The

The firſt, whom falſe Ambition buoys up to arrive at power and grandeur by improper means, hang their whole hope on the good things of this life; which, like yon feeble branches, deſert them in their bittereſt wo. —— Next, the voluptuary, whoſe happineſs conſiſts in preſent gratification; but when they go about to realiſe thoſe airy ſchemes, they prove in the end gall and bitterneſs.

But ſee yon diſſipated crew, whom Pleaſure blinds, to ſeek Happineſs in the indulgence of every paſſion! See the folly of their ſcheme! Diſappointment and chagrin take place of their elevated views. They ſtare around with amazement at their error. Some, unable to bear their own reflections, fly to yonder brink as a refuge. Liſten unto this, and be wiſe: forſake not my paths, though arduous, and Happineſs at laſt ſhall be your gueſt. So ſaying, ſhe left me to ruminate on what I had ſeen.

I trembled at the dangers that threatened each adventurer to the bower of Happineſs; but confiding in my knowing that ſuch dangers exiſted, I went forward, with Hope and Fear equally ruling my heart, till my walk was terminated by a rocky precipice on one hand, and a decorated eaſy path on

on the other; from whence a muſical ſound proceeded; whoſe force operated powerfully on my heart, and inſenſibly drew me thither, till, recollecting the precepts I had received, I retreated. But looking at the ſteep aſcent I had to encounter, I recoiled, and ſat down diſconſolate. Here my progreſs had ended in deſpair, when I beheld a youth approaching, whoſe flaxen locks flowed adown his ſhoulders, and on whoſe countenance youth and beauty were mingled with an ardour and fierceneſs of look ſeldom ſeen. He darted a glance at me, where Pity and Anger were fully blended, ſaying, Why ſitteſt thou moaping thus, O daſtardly mortal, half-perſuaded by Pleaſure to renounce the ſacred path? Does a little danger allay that courage which real Happineſs inſpires, and promiſes to reward? Ariſe, and follow me, and confeſs the difficulty fully repaid. He ſeiz'd my arm, and drew me after him. I ſcrambled a long while, in terror of being daſhed amongſt the rocks below. I begged he would allow me to reſt: but the youth got me on his back, and bore me over rocks, briars, and thorns, with the ſwiftneſs of a roe. The dangers leſſened as I flew: the ſky on a ſudden cleared; the air was balm; and I felt my powers wonderfully enlarged. He ſet me at laſt on my feet, where flowers every where ſprouted around me. I then

ſmiled

ſmiled at the dangers I had paſſed, and wondered how they gave me that idea; whilſt from the towering height we had gained, I viewed the groveling ſons of Care, who diminiſhed in my view, like crawling emmets on a mole-hill. On each ſide the proſpect brightened: ſcenes the moſt beautiful inſpired my ſoul with joy; gratitude then filled my heart, and I fell proſtrate on my face before my excellent guide, thanking him for bringing me into this haven of reſt. But he raiſed me up, bidding me take heed; for my perils were not yet over. At this a troop of youths, finely dreſſed, marched in full proceſſion by us, talking loudly in praiſe of the ancient learning, highly extolling the treaſures Philoſophy pours on the enlightened mind; pitying contemptuouſly thoſe mortals who had not an opportunity of embracing Wiſdom in the only way ſhe was to be found. Learning, ſaid they, opens the mind to genuine pleaſure, by diſpelling the miſts of ignorance and error. Come, let us quicken our pace; let us haſte to yonder edifice, where every ſcience holds up a torch to inflame the dark corners of our minds. I catched the infection, and begged my guide would conduct me likewiſe. He ſmiled at my requeſt; but catching hold of me, moved on, whilſt the warbling choir tuned their throats to ſerenade us as we paſſed. After

ſome

ſome turnings, we aſcended a ſmooth mount, whoſe top, like a fine bowling-green, was pleaſant to behold; at the end of which appeared a ſtately dome, whoſe gates reflected the rays of the ſun. Vaſt numbers entered this manſion. I felt my heart glow with anxiety to enter with the herd; whilſt from the window of a ſpacious gallery I ſaw innumerable volumes, where I imagined true Wiſdom conſiſted. Here my guide pulled me back, and pointed out a path which led to a plain ſimple-like cottage, with graſs growing up to the threſhold. I durſt not diſobey; ſo we moved on in ſilence. I perceived, upon a near view, what I imagined plain was real elegance; the pleaſantneſs of natural beauty appeared void of the mimicry of art. We knocked long; but no porter arrived. At laſt my guide, with a venturous arm, puſhed open the door; where nothing now ſtruck our view, but what was capable to inſpire the ſoul with true greatneſs. A wonderful change took place in my heart: a kind of veil dropt from mine eyes, and every thing appeared in a new form. I beheld at the end of the room a throne, whereon ſat a man, in whoſe looks were depicted all the venerableneſs of age, mixed with the mild perſuaſion of youth. As I gazed, ſuch a radiance ſhone around him, that I fell down entranced. When I aroſe, a veil ſcreened him from

my

my view. But I heard a voice, saying, Blessed mortal! who, by the assistance of this divine guide, hast entered this unfrequented place: let the treasures of Wisdom reward your toil; which, alas! lie not in pompous learning, riches, nor the good things of this life; but in the fear of God, that is understanding, and in regulating the unruly passions by his precepts, that is peace. This simple dwelling cannot allure the gay sons of Fortune, who seek Happiness where it is not to be found; nor the proud Philosopher, who trusts in the sageness of his knowledge, and, by mistaking the means for the end, grasps a phantom. Go, learn the government of your own heart; that excels all erudition, and being victorious over each improper idea, more material than human power, the flux of which too often debases the noble impulse of the soul; whose highest happiness is in anticipating the angelic life, by loving the most high God, and serving him below, as a prelude to enjoying him for ever. Be this your plan; and Happiness, which first inspired your journey, may be found; and to which none can attain but through my bower. Here a door opened, and a clear light showed all the beauties of the place. My guide pushed me on through a fine arched gallery, which led to the temple where Happiness resides. On a throne of state sat the Goddess,

whoſe refulgent beauty ſhed around a luſtre. Like lightning, odours ſhot through every pore; harmony and joy at once ſeized my heart; whilſt my firſt inſtructreſs, with all her ſhining train, advanced to meet me. Hail! ſaid ſhe, highly favoured, who haſt gained the ſteep aſcent of Virtue, in whoſe paths you firſt ſet out, aided by Fortitude, that youth who conducted you. The Hydra forms of Vice loſt their power. Follow me, and I will bring you to yonder Queen, who will adorn your forehead with a laurel crown. At this I felt an emotion too exquiſite for human language, and which burſt aſunder the bands of ſleep, and I awoke.

ANGELINA, and a Chorus of VIRGINS.

VIRGINS.

WHAT tears are theſe that bedew thy cheeks, O Venerable Matron? Why are thine eyes red? What ſighs are thoſe that choke thy ſpeech, and drown you thus in wo? Why art thou in the deſert alone, whilſt the cold winds blow ſharp and fell upon thee? Where are the props of thy youth, that like pillars ſupported thee from falling? Why are they not with thee, to ſcreen thee from the keen blaſt? Alas! ſhe weeps, and pours forth her tears afreſh! Speak, O Mother of the Vale! Thy friendly counſel aſſiſted our youth: refuſe not our aid in thine anguiſh. Thy miſery pleads for mournful reverence in our ſouls: we are eager to relieve thee.

ANGELINA.

Ye aſk a reaſon for my tears, O beautiful Virgins, and kindly offer to ſooth my wo. But that

is beyond your ſoft conſolation, and cannot be aſſuaged. You behold me on the mountains, ſolitary and ſad, none to regard my tears: though I vent my ſighs in wind, none feels for my ſorrow. Alas! all my children are gone; they ſleep in the narrow houſe, where Care can never invade them. Soon ſhall their wretched mother knock at the door of their ſilent chambers, and like them forget wo. Late my habitation was in the vale of Joy. The ſeaſons, as they paſſed, brought new beauties before me. I proved in full extent every pleaſure beneath the ſun. I exulted in my towering thought, and ſaid, Who is bleſſed like me among women? But as the roſes drop, and the leaves fall in autumn, ſo ſwift did Joy ſpread its wings, and flew away. Corroding Care, as the blackneſs of Night, has overſhadowed me: Solitude and Wo are now my only gueſts. Oh! Childar, lord of my youth, thou wert brave; who durſt encounter thine anger? Warriors trembled at the weight of thy ſpear, and fled from its touch. But now thou art low in the earth, unmindful of the briny tears that ſo oft bedew thy tomb. Why art thou ſnatched from ANGELINA, O thou firſt of men? Why hath not Death likewiſe conſigned me over to the land of Silence. Come, O thou grim King of Terrors! come, and by one blow ſtrike the laſt of my race.

For,

For, ah! my ſons too are fallen, with their honours green and fragrant upon them; and with them fell the name and pride of my houſe. But ah! Lavinia, thou waſt the ſtaff of mine age. Pleaſed with thy ſoft ſolicitude to divert my cares, my ſorrows vaniſhed away.

Lavinia was ſweeter than the morning-ray, and fair as the bright bow of heaven; mild as gentle ſhowers that fall on new-blown roſes; her voice like the nightly birds that ſweetly chaunt to the tuneful ſpheres. Warriors ſaw her, and loved; for ſhe was formed to melt the fierceſt ſouls. But ſhe chuſed ſilence and peace: they found not a paſſage to her heart, till Alonzo, loveliеſt ſhepherd of the plain, ſought her affections. Their ſouls were paired above, by mutual ſympathy, and ſecret intelligence. With modeſt dignity, unknown to art, ſhe ſmiled him into peace. She conſented to his bliſs. Fixed was the nuptial hour, whilſt Joy and fond Hope deceived the tedious time. But what became of Alonzo, when he beheld the ſoul of her he ſo fondly loved ready to quit the beauteous frame? for the fever raged in her blood. She heard the inexorable ſound of Death; but as the ſwan expires in the ſong, Virtue made her ſmile in his awful face. But ſoft Pity roſe in her heart for the grief ſhe knew we

muſt

muſt feel; and though ſoon to ceaſe from care, ſhe wiſhed to mitigate our wo. Alas! my lover, ſhe cried, my lover, and my friend! it is Death's ſevereſt pang to part with thee.

Yet part we muſt: Such is the will of Heaven. Ah me! your ſoul is moved. Droop not, Alonzo; we ſhall meet again; meet to part no more. Be as a ſon to my aged mother: transfer thy affection to her. See! ſhe ſhrinks beneath a load of wo. Ah! farewel for ever. O Lavinia! he cried, thou gentle Spirit, ſtay; hover yet a little, and take me with you. If thou art not yet joined to ſome bright Cherub above, my ſoul ſhall attend yours in the bowers of Felicity. What art thou now, O World, to me! Thy joys I ſcorn for ever! Then folding the lifeleſs corpſe in his arms, he ſealed his lips to hers, and died!

Now ye have heard my tale of wo, ye faireſt Nymphs of the hill. My complaints have drawn tears from your eyes, and made thoſe boſoms which know only joy, heave with ſympathetic wo. Nor is your ſympathy uſeleſs, fair Maids! though Time itſelf cannot obliterate my ſorrow. It is thy cold hand, O Death! which I hourly invoke,

invoke, that can finiſh my woes, and bury them in the tomb. Till then, ſhould you find me weeping at the rocks, or penſive by the ſtream, indulge me, O Virgins! and ſay, Surely, ſurely, ſhe has cauſe to ſigh.

A DREAM.

I HAD an odd Dream this morning: I know not by what inſpired, or if my evening-thoughts had any effect on my fancy; but I imagined myſelf and ſome others had taken the reſolution of renouncing for ever the ſociety of men; for which purpoſe we fixed our abode in one of the moſt agreeable ſpots in nature, beautifully wild and romantic. The fine verdure of the trees and herbs ſhed around a delightful fragrance; whilſt the ſinging birds that lodged in their boughs awaked us in the morning with the ſweeteſt ſounds. The place was ſituated betwixt two mountains, a pleaſing river meandring through the plain; fruits of all kinds grew in the valley, and flowers ſuch as I never before beheld. To all this, we never proved the ſeverity of wind or rain. The zephyrs fanned us in the ſun's heat; the dew of heaven refreſhed the flowers and herbs, and repaired what his fervent beams drank up. In ſhort, all that the poets feign of bleſſed Elyſium did here burſt on our raviſhed eyes, and held us wondering.

You ſmile when I tell you, that, even in my ſleep, I found myſelf and all the reſt reſigned to the ſtate we had choſen. Dreſſed like Wood-nymphs, we roved in queſt of figs and fruit, which ſerved us for food. The pure fountain allayed our thirſt; which ſort of regimen made our ſlumbers pure and unbroken. Thus methought we lived like Nature's favoured children, time ſtealing away unperceived; when one evening the ſweeteſt muſic that ever thrilled in mortal ears invaded ours. It ſeemed a mixture of ſeveral inſtruments, all harmoniouſly touched; and, ſpite of ourſelves, drew us toward the place from whence it proceeded. It came from a bower at ſome diſtance. We entered. But who can relate our ſurpriſe, when an elegant table, ſet out with all manner of fowl, fiſh, and nameleſs dainties, appeared before us! Pyramids raiſed high, here and there floating iſlands, and every gewgaw that can heighten ſhow. A number of men and women, gayly dreſſed, were met together, in all the ſprightlineſs of health and mirth. We ſtood abaſhed; but made no effort to depart: nor had we ſtaid long, when the firſt figure that ever appeared in woman's form, entered the bower. On her artleſs face Beauty ſmiled triumphant. In her ſnowy hand ſhe held a bunch of flowers. Irreſiſtible

pleaſure gladdened all the company at her approach; but when ſhe lifted up her voice, and ſung, we ſtifled our breath, leſt any of her notes had been loſt in common ſounds. A viſible joy beamed forth on every countenance. The ſparkling glaſs flew round. Even we veſtals forgot our ſeverity, and joined inſenſibly with the ſons of men; whilſt Wit and Good-Humour crowned the feaſt. When anon another Nymph made her appearance, whoſe features were more dignified and majeſtic, but leſs mild or winning, than the other. Silence enſued at her approach. She beckoned with her hand to a venerable figure, that ſtood beneath an aged oak; and as the company eyed him aſkance, a thoughtful gravity took place of that ſprightly look that before triumphed on every brow. I ſaw an old man leaning on a ſtaff, whoſe gray locks and bald head beſpoke his antiquity. In his right hand he held a ſcythe; in his left a glaſs, which as he viewed, he ſeemed to mow down all around him. Ah! ſee my friends! ſaid the majeſtic Nymph, with what ſure, though ſlow ſteps, yon tyrant purſues you! Not the full bowl, mirth, nor jovial ſong, can bribe him to linger in his pace. As ſhe talked, the roſy damſel that firſt entered, ſlowly ſilently withdrew. Her parting ſteps the company eyed with a ſad look, and inſenſibly every boſom heaved a deep

ſigh.

ſigh. Why grieve my friends? ſaid the ſtately Dame; and whence thoſe ſtifled ſighs? Attentive view me. Though the roſe bloom not ſo freſh on my cheek, I bring you more laſting joys than ſhe; joys that will mock the attacks of yon fell robber, and render you ſuperior to the power he is inveſted with; although he is greater than the kings of the earth, whoſe fame and actions he often ſweeps into oblivion. But, lo! the blooming nymph flies my preſence. Though I often court her company, we ſeldom meet in one place; and when we do, I am often neglected till ſhe retire. What is ſo alluring in her mien, that ye conſider me not whilſt ſhe ſtays? Fools! perceive ye not ſhe is a fading form, whilſt mine improves upon being known. At this I looked, and her face was brighter than the ſun; her air ſtately and commanding; clad in a majeſtic robe, which ſparkled like the ſtars, and had a fine effect. In her hand ſhe held a bunch of laurels, green and fragrant, which courted the attention of the multitude; whilſt the other nymph made her exit with a reluctant pace, and ſeemed to my eye the ſhadow of herſelf. Again the company ſuppreſſed a ſigh, which their reverence for the fair ſpeaker made them bluſh to reveal. As ſhe moved toward them with a winning air, and with her green bough attracted their attention: Hear-

ken unto me, O children of Pleaſure! my words will improve your jovial hours. Though the faſcinating ſmiles you have juſt received, dim your eyes from viewing the beauties of my form, liſten, and I will tell you her origin. Health is her general attendant, and Youth is her name. The Smiles and blooming Graces for ever court her ſteps, and ſecretly inſpire each heart in her favour. Yet whilſt ſhe ſooths the multitude with fallacious hopes, and flatters them with ages of tranſport, ſhe is irreſiſtibly carried away to ſome other place, leaving them a blank inſtead of promiſed joys. Bleſſed are they who, when cheared by her enlivening preſence, yet neglect not to ſeek my favour. To ſuch her abſence makes no change. Her fleeting bloom is made up by my envigorating ſmile. For ſee! yon decrepid figure conſtantly purſues her. From him ſhe flies with winged pace, and always dreads his approach: and though he conſtantly follows after, they never meet; which makes her ſtay in one place ſo tranſient. But I behold his fleet career with unconcern. Though he is a powerful monarch, I ſtand before him invulnerable; and albeit in his rude march he ſtrips her of every glory, my charms improve as he flies, and look more freſh and gay; and when his empire ſhall fall away, and himſelf buried in his own ruins, my votaries ſhall gayly bloom, and ſmile ſecure,

cure, amidſt the dreadful havock. Methought as ſhe talked the ſcene changed: all the company vaniſhed from my view: my own companions diſappeared: the bower I had entered, even our delightful reſidence, was no more. Inſtead of ſweet vales, or fragrant groves, nothing but a range of barren mountains, and an uninhabited deſert, appeared before me. I was ready to confeſs the power of ſome enchantreſs, and trembled leſt I myſelf had felt ſome dreadful metamorphoſis: for the fair ſpeaker ſtill continued before me; who having a while obſerved my dilemma, ſpoke as follows. Marvel not, O erring Mortal! at what thou here ſeeſt; but mark my words. Thou haſt ſuffered a falſe idea of refinement to carry thee into a ſcheme more aereal than what thine eye has now traced. The order of Heaven was infringed by ſuch an excluſion; and inſtead of ſhowing a noble reſolution, a cowardly diffidence, which Pride varniſhed over with art, was the ſpring. Yon ancient figure, whoſe name is Time, would have convinced you my dwelling was not to be found in ſuch a retreat. The ſons and daughters of Adam muſt mingle together on the theatre of Life. To thoſe of either party, who do not ruſh too eagerly together, nor entirely exclude each other, I am moſt eaſily found; except when nobler motives draw ſome aſide from ſociety, in order to

enjoy

enjoy me unmixed. Go, therefore, and reſume the poſt allotted thee from the Moſt High; and know, that by doing ſo thou wilt ſooner arrive at my bower. Here ſhe pauſed, and I viewed her heedfully; when a ſudden blaze of light flaſhed from her breaſt, whereon was written in golden characters, I AM WISDOM. — Awed by the near approach of this celeſtial guide, I was ſpeechleſs; but recovering, was going to aſk the meaning of ſome things I did not underſtand; when a call to breakfaſt put the whole ideal ſcene to flight.

SYL-

SYLVANDER and EUDOSIA.

LOW in an unfrequented vale, overgrown with moſs and yew, ſat fair EUDOSIA, like a flower blaſted by the wind. Her breath was ſweeter than the gale of Spring; her lips like the bluſhing roſe, moiſtened by the dew of heaven. Mild was the luſtre of her weeping eye; and tho' obſcured by tears, was lovely like the ſun diſpelling the morning-miſt, and uſhering in the gladſome day. I gazed with pity on ſo fair a form, bending beneath ſome inward wo. Her hand of ſnow ſupported her head: her lovely treſſes waved gracefully on her poliſhed neck. Softly ſhe raiſed her voice, weak as expiring winds; and in plaintive accents thus began. O burſt aſunder, wretched fooliſh heart, as a juſt reward of thy credulity. Why didſt thou fondly liſten to the ſoothing ſpeeches of deluding man? SYLVANDER, falſe, perjured Sylvander, hath left me in the lonely wilds, to rove, friendleſs, and expoſed. Ah me! fooliſh maid that I am! I thought him conſtant and true, unchangeable as the turtle dove, ſincere as myſelf. How oft has he plaited

a garland of the fineſt flowers to adorn my head, and vowed, that of all the ſhepherdeſſes on the green none was ſo fair as Eudoſia! But now the wanton Cleora hath caught him in her chain, and I am left to ſigh in vain to the murmuring brook. O ye woods and groves! bear witneſs how oft to me his plighted faith he gave. Ye ſilver ſtreams that glide along the meadow! whiſper in Sylvander's ear his broken oaths. Fly, all ye Virgins of the plain, fly from his wiles: truſt not yourſelves to his faſcinating eyes; they are falſe as the ſmiling Hyena, and will undo you. Thus ſaid, from her fair eyes fell a river of tears; a livid paleneſs overſpread her cheeks; the roſes fled from her lips; her eyes ſeemed to roll in death. The birds warbled out a ſong of wo; the lilies of the vale dropt their heads in ſympathy of Eudoſia's fate. Mean time Sylvander, with anxious ſteps, ſought his Eudoſia through the deſert wilds. Amazed at her ſudden retreat from the plain, all appeared a wilderneſs without his love. At laſt he heard her complaints, and his ſoul was moved. He admired her virtues; her innocence and truth had fixed him unalterably. Swift as the roe, he flew to her arms. Receive me, he cried, thou faireſt of women! Ah! Eudoſia, who has abuſed your ear? Sylvander has never ſtrayed in thought from your beauties. Forget Eudoſia! ſooner might my

blood forget to play, thou better part of Sylvander! Straight let the prieſt unite us for ever. She opened her dying eyes, and ſmiled. And art thou not falſe, Sylvander? and have I done wrong to your conſtant faith? Farewell, thou lovely and moſt loved of men. Receive this laſt embrace. Cold as marble ſhe became in his arms: Death's icy hand congealed her purple tide. This ſcene was too hard for a lover to bear: he laid himſelf down by her ſide, and ſhared her fate.

One tomb conceals from our ſight the loveliеſt pair of the green. The ſhepherds flock round them in tears; the virgins lament their fate. Beware, O ye ſurviving daughters of the Hill! how love enters your boſoms: think of Eudoſia; and be wiſe.

Reflections on the melancholy Fall of the North-Loch Bridge.

HOW ſhall the Muſe begin this mournful tale?
Or how the ſad ſurvivors loſs bewail?
How comfort offer for diſtreſs ſo deep;
Where diſmal widows ſigh; where fathers weep;
Where ſiſters madly beat their breaſts, and cry,
And tearleſs Grief glares oft in ev'ry eye?

Alas! in vain we truſt in youthful bloom;
Too ſoon we ſee it fill the gloomy tomb;
And oft the tyrant ſtops ſome youthful breath,
Whilſt meagre Age calls out in vain for death.

But who this direful ſcene can repreſent,
Or to the feeling ſoul the horrors paint,
That o'er the hapleſs few would ſpread a gloom,
When Earth voracious claſp'd them in her womb!
Quick as the lightning's flaſh was ſtruck the blow,
Which laid the trembling aidleſs victims low.
How cruſh'd, and how diſtorted, ev'ry grace,
Which lately ſmil'd triumphant in each face!

All

All that of vigour, health, and youth, remain'd,
Were ruthleſs figures bleeding, torn, and ſtain'd.

The Muſe would gladly offer ſome relief,
To thoſe relations now o'ercome with grief;
Yet whilſt ſhe tries, a flood of tears returns;
Both for the living and the dead ſhe mourns.
Great God of Conſolation! heal their wo,
And to their wounded ſouls thy wiſdom ſhow;
Nor ſuffer grief ſevere on any heart,
So far its deadly influence to impart,
As God's all-gracious wiſdom to arraign.
In that amazing clew the ſearch how vain!
Blind man, give o'er; nor think the pow'r is giv'n,
For thee t' inveſtigate the ways of Heav'n.
'Tis but a part of the amazing whole,
That can be view'd by the exploring ſoul.
Faith, Virtue, Action, is our bus'neſs here;
Tranſporting Viſion crowns our labour there.
When once this mortal veſture falls away,
And Death conveys the ſoul to perfect day,
Clear as a ſeraph, then, 'twill, unconfin'd,
Admire the wiſdom of th' unerring mind.

But be ye warn'd, ye thoughtleſs crouds, ye gay,
Who trifle precious Time in dreſs away;
Suppreſs not now Reflection's uſeful tear,
But to your cloſets this inſtruction bear,

That life is ſhort; yet on that fleeting ſpace
Depends a vaſt eternity of peace.

But come! and ſee the fair MARIA * laid,
In ſolemn pomp, amongſt the ſilent dead;
That beauteous maid, in Nature's fragrant bloom,
By rigid Fate ſent early to the tomb.
Was it for this the loveliеſt bloom did grace
Her ſoft angelic form, and modeſt face?
For this the Graces, paſt the rules of art,
Did laſting beauties to her mind impart?
Ah me! how blaſted now the faireſt views!
Thus let a tribute from a plaintive Muſe,
Be paid, dear luckleſs virgin! to thy fame;
And let my grief immortalize thy name.

But where begin? what language can expreſs,
A father's heart-felt wo, and keen diſtreſs?
Faint are all words his anguiſh to diſcloſe;
But dumb exceſſive ſorrow ſpeaks his woes.

Hark! 'tis a heav'nly voice thrills in mine ear
Thus: Mortal! ſtop thy ſympathetic tear;
Maria lives above yon azure ſky,
In perfect bliſs, with raptur'd ſaints on high.

* Miſs Dundas.

To

To me the joyful bus'neſs was aſſign'd,
To watch and welcome her unbodied mind.
Pure and unhurt th' immortal ſpirit fled,
The mangl'd clay mix'd with the ſilent dead.
Amaz'd, the new-freed being did ſurvey
Its late abode, then ſought eternal day.
As rapidly we flew through fields of light,
A choir of youthful Seraphs dazzling bright,
With ſweet celeſtial muſic did ſurpriſe
The raviſh'd ſoul, and tun'd it for the ſkies.

An Elegy on Evening.

HAIL! ſober Eve, whoſe robe of duſky gray
Each blooming verdant landſcape doth inveſt,
Now huſh'd the rude tumultuous glare of Day;
Now veil'd thoſe flow'ry ſcenes that charm'd my breaſt.

Where now the ſhepherd, which at eaſe reclin'd
On ſome green turf beſide yon trickling rills?
Where now the breeze rais'd by the weſtern wind?
Where now the cattle on a thouſand hills?

A ſolemn ſhade eclipſes Nature's face;
The tuneful tribes in artful neſts are laid;
Each ſhepherd with his cattle finds a place,
Where toil by balmy ſleep is well repaid:

Sweet Sleep! inſpiring dreams of harmleſs kind,
Where no ambitious fretful care annoys,
Nor ſcene luxurious cloys the ſated mind,
Which Nature's pureſt genuine bliſs deſtroys.

For

For ſeldom doth the luckleſs monarch taſte
Such pure untainted bliſs within his breaſt,
As doth the virtuous ſhepherd on the waſte,
When noon-day heat lulls all his frame to reſt.

Vain, then, the keen purſuit of Fortune's plume!
And vain the glitt'ring honours earth beſtows,
Unleſs it to the owner's breaſt become
A true perennial ſource of calm repoſe.

But, ah! 'tis ſeldom honours can impart
Such true celeſtial comforts to the breaſt;
Can whiſper ſweet contentment to the heart,
Or lull diſcordant paſſions into reſt.

No: — Like rude Boreas' breath upon the ſea,
The gales of Wealth to hideous ſtorms ariſe,
When blown by Avarice and Vanity,
The ſacred manſion of the ſoul diſguiſe.

For let this ſolemn truth invade your ear,
Ye gaudy tribes, that graſp at pow'r and fame,
That puſh with boldneſs to bring up the rear,
Of thoſe that toil to gain a mighty name:

That earth-born trifles ne'er can bleſs the mind;
Like viſionary ſhadows quick they paſs.
By ſuch the ſoul is often hurt, we find,
As breathing dims the luſtre of the glaſs.

For

For what, alas! is all the pow'r, the wealth,
That earth can yield? how empty is the whole,
Join'd to illuſtrious parentage and health,
When put in balance with th' immortal ſoul?

For theſe ſhall moulder, periſh, and decay;
And ruin o'er Creation's face ſhall come:
But when the ſun and ſtars ſhall fade away,
The ſoul ſhall boaſt an uncorrupted bloom.

Alas! how empty then our hopes and fears,
For fancied ills, which ſeldom do moleſt!
Why wiſh for tranſport in this vale of tears,
Or let its abſence diſcompoſe the breaſt?

What though the bluſt'ring ſtorms of life ariſe,
And Grief uſurp fair Joy's alluring place!
A milder ſcene awaits us in the ſkies,
Where Sin dare never ſhow its odious face.

The ſoul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
The Hydra forms of Vice ſtrives to ſubdue,
And moves toward that heav'n from whence it came.

This is the mark ſupreme: my ſoul attend;
Know thy own dignity, nor ſcorn thy worth;
Behold! th' angelic train aſſiſtance lend,
To raiſe thee from the grov'ling ſcenes of earth.

For,

For, ah! they fly, like Day's illuſive ſchemes,
When once the fervent heat of life is o'er,
When ſacred Reaſon gilds with cleareſt beams,
And viſionary ſhadows pleaſe no more.

Hail, Night! thou gentle emblematic ſhade
Of that tremend'ous period fix'd by God,
When drear Forgetfulneſs ſhall veil the dead,
And Fame be loſt beneath the green graſs ſod.

This ends the race of feeble man below;
Nor Pow'r, nor Honour, Fame, nor Youthful Bloom,
Can gain a reſpite from the dreadful blow.
'Tis Virtue only triumphs o'er the tomb.

On FRIENDSHIP.

AWAKE, O Muſe! beyond each trifling ſcene,
To joys refin'd, exalted, and ſerene;
To joy that ſooths life's harſh and rugged cares,
And for celeſtial bliſs the mind prepares.
On ſuch a theme, ye pow'rs of Verſe inſpire
My rural numbers with poetic fire.
Lend me, fair Harmony, your melting lays,
Whilſt I attempt to ſing in Friendſhip's praiſe.

Hail, ſacred Friendſhip! dear delightful name;
By thee inſpir'd, we feel the nobleſt flame;
Thou harmonizer of all human joy,
Thy charms divine the breaſt can never cloy.
At thy approach each wayward paſſion dies;
Pale Envy ſinks, and mean Suſpicion flies.
Congenial ſouls, link'd in this holy tie,
Can Fortune's frowns or threats with ſcorn defy.
Poor is the ſcepter'd prince, whoſe unbleſs'd mind,
Midſt fawning courtiers Friendſhip ne'er can find.
Alas! how ſhort the lover's joy endures,
Unleſs this glorious ſpark the flame ſecures!
What radiant worth its bright reſemblance wears!
Its charms the ſymbols pureſt Virtue bears;

Its flame at firſt ſprung from the realms above,
Where ſaints and angels without envy love.
It ſtill on earth emits a pleaſing ray,
And rules o'er ſouls refin'd with ſovereign ſway.
Emblem of heav'n! where ſeraphs ſoftly ſmile,
Where pureſt Friendſhip reigns, unknown to guile.
E'en glorious heroes, 'midſt War's fierce alarms,
Have felt its force, and own'd its conq'ring charms.

Behold the rage of Thetis' god-like ſon!
When for a ſlave from Grecian troops he run!
Along the ſea-beat ſhore he lay reclin'd,
Whilſt boiling ire vindictive ſwell'd his mind.
He views unmov'd his friends and country ſlain,
And treats the King of Men with fierce diſdain.
But when his friend was by great Hector ſlain,
And thown ignobly on the Trojan plain,
How did the rage of Friendſhip tear his ſoul!
He weeps! he raves! his grief's beyond controul;
Nor thinks bold Hector and the Trojan hoſt
A proper victim to Patroclus' ghoſt.

See! Scotland's guardian, Wallace' mighty name,
Whoſe glorious deeds have gain'd him laſting fame;
Whoſe ſoul, by Fate in ev'ry criſis try'd,
Improv'd each danger, and each ſhock defy'd,

By Friendſhip touch'd, for gallant Graham did
mourn,
And pour'd a flood of ſorrow o'er his urn.
But ev'ry age a noble proof might ſhow,
Of gen'rous ſouls by Friendſhip taught to glow,
Whoſe boſoms fir'd by that exalted flame,
Did actions worthy of immortal fame.
To thee, my ——, I devote theſe lays,
Whoſe preſence quickly all my grief allays.
O may the ſacred ſpark that warms each breaſt,
Refin'dly glow, by mutual love expreſt.
May no diſtruſt e'er cloud its radiant light;
But ſtill by human trials ſhine more bright;
Till, freed from earth, at laſt we mount above,
Where all is Friendſhip, Harmony, and Love.

To

To the Memory of Miſs JEANY SCOTT.

EACH ſolemn Muſe aſſiſt my heart-felt wo,
Fair JEANY's death makes plaintive numbers flow.
That lovelieſt mould of animated clay,
In Nature's earlieſt bloſſom ſnatch'd away.
See! round her tomb the Graces weeping lie;
Their fav'rite gone, they heave a mournful ſigh,
And whiſper to each fair ſurviving maid,
That all muſt reſt at laſt in Death's cold ſhade.

Her tender parents view'd with watchful eyes,
Such perfect excellence before them riſe.
For as the outward form complete appears,
Th' illumin'd mind ſurpaſs'd her youthful years.
For what was filial tenderneſs ſhe knew;
And with her ſtature Truth and Virtue grew,
With ev'ry gentle grace the heart can boaſt.
How juſtly valu'd! Ah! how early loſt!
For, comet-like, ſhe bleſs'd our gazing eyes,
Then fled in haſte to her congenial ſkies.

Oh!

Oh! let not Grief at Heav'n's decree repine;
But to the Lord the beauteous gift reſign,
Ye pious pair, to whom the pledge was giv'n,
Till ſhe was fit for happineſs in heav'n.
Her ſoul ſo fill'd with piety and love,
Now ſhines a Seraph in the world above.
She now her Maker's works will clearly trace,
Beyond the learned'ſt of the human race.
A moment once in heav'n more light ſupplies,
Than thouſand ages ſpent below the ſkies.

Let this aſſuage your grief, and heal your woe;
With this compar'd, what could the earth beſtow,
Whoſe higheſt bliſs ſome latent care oft cloys,
And beſt-concerted ſchemes of peace deſtroys?
Heav'n view'd the trying ſcene, the conflict ſpar'd,
Without the toil, the ſparkling crown prepar'd.
Early her ſoul by Grace Divine was bleſt,
And faith in Chriſt procur'd her endleſs reſt.
By faith now view her near the throne of God,
And kiſs with pious tears the heav'nly rod,
Whoſe blow to Nature gave heart-rending pain,
But uſher'd in her everlaſting gain.

Hail, happy Spirit! if the bleſs'd on high
E'er condeſcend our actions to deſcry,
If all our tears do not your wonder move,
As the miſtaken proofs of faithful love,

Accept

Accept this lay which from affection flows,
Which ſacred to your worth the Muſe beſtows;
Who from oblivion ſtrives to ſnatch your name,
And make my verſe immortal with your fame.

A

A MORNING-HYMN.

O LORD! to thee my morning-ſong,
With chearful voice I'll raiſe,
And join the raptur'd choir above,
To celebrate thy praiſe.

'Tis thou that through the ſhades of night
From danger keeps me free;
And all the comforts I enjoy,
Proceed alone from thee.

Without thy gracious guidance, Lord,
The air I breathe might kill;
For thouſand arrows, wing'd with Fate,
Attend thy awful will.

Behold how bright the morning-ſun
Through heav'n his courſe doth move!
The warbling ſongſters of the grove,
Reſound their notes of love.

Up, then, my Soul! the chorus join,
To Heav'n thy homage pay;
And let a bright and fervent zeal
Diſtinguiſh thee to-day.

Wrote

Wrote extempore, with a pencil, on a young Gentleman's going to Edinburgh in a ſtormy day.

WHAT 'vails it us, that by a blazing fire
We ſit, whilſt chearful friends delight our eyes,
When gentle DAMON, we ſo much admire,
Now feels the ſtormy breath of angry ſkies.

Oh! how the bluſt'ring wind diſturbs mine ear!
And ſee the leaves, once verdant, ſtrew the ground!
How bare the trees look! but my greateſt fear
Is, leſt our matchleſs Damon ſhould be drown'd.

Blow ſoft, ye Winds! fell Rain, a while forbear;
Some guardian Spirit waft him ſafely o'er
The ſtormy waves; then take him to your care,
When youthful paſſions worſe than tempeſts roar.

May Reaſon lead him through the flow'ry way,
All varniſh'd o'er with Pleaſure's ſoothing forms.
There ſits the ſorcereſs, in queſt of prey,
And all the beauties of the ſoul deforms.

Thus nobly daring, may he gain the height,
The goodly eminence where Wiſdom ſtays;
Whoſe ſacred luſtre gives a radiant light,
Which keeps the willing youth in Virtue's ways.

To

To a young Lady who gave me a Pencil.

FORTH from a poliſh'd caſe of crimſon hue,
This Pencil ſtrait the graceful DELIA drew.
Where, veil'd from human eyes, it lay confin'd,
Sole confident of all her ſecret mind.

Take it, ſhe cried, my friend; its uſe be yours;
With it deſcribe your grottoes, banks, and bow'rs,
With ev'ry blooming ſcene ſo freſh and gay,
Which flow'rs and herbs before your eyes diſplay;
How peeps Aurora o'er yon dewy lawn;
How chaunts the lark in morning's earlieſt dawn;
How glows the ſoul when tuneful warblers ſing;
And all the beauties of the coming Spring.

She ſaid, and gave it with ſo ſweet a ſmile,
As might a ſavage of his rage beguile.
More than the gift did the fair giver pleaſe;
For what's a gift if not beſtow'd with eaſe?
The Miſer ne'er his native colour ſhows
More clear, than when he charity beſtows;
His trembling hand betrays his narrow ſoul
So much, it blaſts and tarniſhes the whole.

But bleſs'd, for ever bleſs'd, be Delia's heart;
Be hers the train of ſocial joys t'impart;
Be hers to feel that ſympathetic glow,
Which moves congenial ſouls to link below.
Guard her, ye Pow'rs Divine, from that hard fate,
Which oft the giddy prove in marriage-ſtate,
When they, allur'd by filthy Lucre's charms,
Repent too late, involv'd on odious arms.
But, ye indulgent Pow'rs that watch the fair
Of Britain's iſle, take Delia to your ſhare.
Exert your office; gently pave the way,
And make her beauties ſhine in open day.
In ſome ſuperior circle may ſhe move,
Bleſs'd with ſome favour'd youth her heart can love,
Of poliſh'd ſenſe, honour, with ſoftneſs join'd,
Who loves her perſon, but admires her mind;
Whom Gold nor ſordid Avarice can charm,
But inward excellence, which Time can't harm.
Thus calmly ſhall they paſs Life's vernal day,
And mildeſt ſunſhine gild their ev'ning-ray.

THE

THE following Poem cannot be well underſtood by any perſon, except the Gentleman to whom it is addreſſed; who paid me a viſit in a rural retreat, which was for ſome time my habitation, in company with ſome female friends; where our abode was romantic, and perfectly ſolitary. —— The youth being an entire ſtranger in the country, loſt his road in a foreſt: ſo that ſome circumſtances are true, the reſt altogether imaginary, and written ſolely to amuſe myſelf in retirement.

To ————

O THOU! that dwell'ſt ſecure in lofty tow'rs,
Incircled round with woods and blooming flow'rs,
Where ſweeteſt walks invite thee to the field,
Where birds do ſing, and trees ſweet fragrance yield,
Attention give, be patron of my lays,
And crown my ruſtic ſimple verſe with bays.

DAMON, the faireſt youth of all that's fair,
Reſolv'd the joys of rural life to ſhare;

Tir'd

Tir'd with lac'd footmen whilſt he ſits to dine,
With boards luxurious, and delicious wine;
For Luxury itſelf can't always eaſe
The mind; 'tis dear Variety muſt pleaſe.

Thus unattended or by groom or ſquire,
Forth through the foreſt ſtraight he did retire.
Nor on his pleaſure was he only bent;
Some tenants ſtill were in arrear for rent;
The which to dun he went away inclin'd;
When, lo! the farmer's daughter chang'd his mind.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in rural garments dreſs'd;
Her clean apartment her own turn expreſs'd.
Bright were her eyes; white, round, and plump, her arm,
Which ſoon did Damon's cruelty diſarm.
Then with a certain languor in her eyes,
She view'd the gentle youth with wild ſurpriſe;
She ſtarted back; yet ſoon his aſpect mild
Diſpell'd her fears; ſhe curtſy'd low, and ſmil'd.

No fairer nymph had Damon ever ſeen;
He lik'd her manner, her engaging mien,
And eas'ly was prevail'd with her to go,
Within the bow'r, to chat an hour or two.
But ere he was aware, gray light appear'd:
Sunk was the ſun, which ev'ry object chear'd.

Now

Now Damon was a ſtranger in the place;
He wiſt not where to turn his horſe's face.
Deuce take the wench, he cry'd, what made me
ſtay,
And fool with her the precious hours away?
By this, ye youths, take care, be not o'ercome
By Woman's wiles, elſe ſure you'll be undone.
But yet his reſolution did not fail;
He knew that Courage only muſt prevail.
He ſpurr'd his horſe, and through the foreſt flew,
Reſolv'd to ſtop at the firſt houſe in view.

Now mark what wonders were produc'd by
Fate,
Which led young Damon to a ſpacious gate.
Far in the deep receſſes of a wood,
An old romantic ſtately caſtle ſtood;
By hedges well fenc'd round with zealous care,
Leſt to its gate ſome ſtraggler might repair.
A country-ſquire, who dearly lov'd his pelf,
Reſolving ſtill to keep it to himſelf,
Brought up his daughters on this wond'rous plan,
Their eyes had ne'er ſurvey'd the creature Man.
When they were infants, he the thing deſign'd,
And to a governeſs he them reſign'd;
Who, brib'd by Avarice, with brow ſevere,
To all his precepts ſtrictly did adhere;

Taught

Taught them to weave broad laces, knit, and
ſew,
With ev'ry grace her fancy could beſtow;
But kept them ſtill in ſolitude confin'd,
Unknown to men; nor knew they of the kind.
No vain coquettiſh airs could they diſplay,
Nor at the toilet trifle hours away.
Alas! they did not know the uſe of dreſs;
Their eyes had ne'er beheld a looking-glaſs;
Sometimes, reflected from the ſilent flood,
Their image gleam'd, whilſt they confounded
ſtood.

Yet not leſs fragrant ſmells the bluſhing roſe
That in ſome humble vale ſo ſweetly grows,
Sequeſter'd far from ſight, and ſeldom ſeen,
Than in the gawdy garden of a king.
So bloom'd our Virgins in this humble vale;
Nor could their nat'ral beauties e'er prevail
With their old rigid Sire, nor touch his heart;
From his paſt conduct ne'er would he depart.

But now obſerve the ſequel of my verſe;
The tale, ye Muſes, help me to rehearſe;
That night was all this great enchantment broke,
And all evaniſh'd like a cloud of ſmoke.
One of the Nymphs, more forward than the reſt,
Thus to her governeſs herſelf addreſt.

Oh!

Oh! thou that in this desert bear'st the sway,
To whose commands submissive we obey,
Indulge me, whilst I tell what griefs arise
Within my breast, and fill with tears mine eyes.

As by yon river's brink oft-times I stray,
And with mine eyes the gliding stream survey,
The stream, which ever runs, but never dries,
I wonder who the mighty source supplies.
Thus as I one day mus'd, with grief oppress,
Quite tir'd at last I laid me down to rest.
Kind gentle Sleep soon clos'd my weary eyes;
Oh! then I dream'd, which must yourself sur-
prise.

Methought before mine eyes a form appear'd:
I started back; but lov'd what yet I fear'd.
Much like myself it was, but oddly dress'd:
With cries my fears and wonder I express'd.
What do I see! Ye Pow'rs of Heav'n reveal.
But let me fly; yon woods will me conceal.
Yet ere I fled, I look'd; the object smil'd;
Off flew my fears; my heart was soon beguil'd;
Then with a soft persuasive voice, it said,
Stay, gentle Maid, be not of me afraid.
Ah! wherefore dost thou wildly fly from me?
I come to ease thy cares, and set thee free.

Thou muſt no longer in this vale remain;
I at your father's ways feel vaſt diſdain.
The pitying angels that o'erlook the fair,
Sent me your worth and merit to declare.

Thou that with perfect beauty art adorn'd,
For other ends than ſtaying here wert form'd.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, thoſe features all refin'd,
To gaze at lifeleſs trees were ne'er deſign'd.
Know, injur'd Innocence, thou'rt ſore betray'd,
In ſecret to this deſert waſt convey'd;
Whilſt yet your infant-years no guile perceiv'd,
And by your rigid tutor ſtill deceiv'd.
Believe no more her old pernicious lies:
Be deaf to her intreaties, tears, and ſighs:
Nor longer in this wilderneſs remain;
Break from her chains, and liberty regain.
With ſuch as me ſweet converſe ſhall you find,
Engaging manners, gentle, ſoft, and kind:
For ſuch as me hath Nature form'd thee fair;
With ſuch as me true joys alone you'll ſhare.

Ah! what art thou? ſurpris'd, amaz'd, I ſay,
What is your name? or whence come you this way?
Sure thou'rt ſome Sylvan ſpirit of the grove,
Or ſome bright Cherub of yon world above;

For

For ſuch, I hear my Governeſs oft ſay,
Fly round our heads, and drive all harm away.

Again the object ſmil'd, and thus began.
I am no angel; but my name is Man.
When Man at firſt was form'd by bounteous Heav'n,
A ſmiling Maid, like you, to him was giv'n.
Till then, in vain the Sun did dart his ray
Upon the earth, and made creation gay.
In vain the flow'rs before his eyes diſplay'd
Their painted bloom, in ſweeteſt hue array'd.
Though ev'ry bird and beaſt did hail him Lord;
Yet none could ſolid happineſs afford.
Joyleſs he wander'd through each grove and wood,
A ſavage creature, quite untam'd, and rude.
But when a heav'nly maid, like you, appear'd,
He felt emotions new, his heart was chear'd.
By inſtinct he a right o'er her did claim;
She heard, ſhe ſaw, ſhe felt the gen'rous flame.

Now, thus inſtructed, gentle Virgin, fly:
At th' entrance of this grove a youth you'll ſpy,
Who all the truth I've ſaid to thee will ſhow,
And hence inſtruct thee what thou oughtſt to know.
Thus ſaid, he vaniſh'd from my gazing eyes;
I ſhriek'd aloud, and wak'd with vaſt ſurpriſe.

Now quickly ſay, thou who canſt all reveal,
What thou no longer ſhalt from us conceal.

At this the wrinkl'd hag ſeem'd much diſmay'd;
She ſhook her head, and thus demurely ſaid:
Alas, my child! this dream fills me with pain,
The wild chimera's of a ruffl'd brain.
But Heav'n preſerve your life, and keep thee free
From ſome vile Demon's dire malignity.
But ſafe within this bow'r keep cloſe confin'd,
And ſoon this dream will vaniſh from your mind.
To her fair charge herſelf ſhe thus addreſt,
But gen'ral murmurs ran through ev'ry breaſt.
LIMIRA penſive through the woods did ſtray,
And to the well-fenc'd gate ſhe took her way,
And reach'd it juſt as Damon did appear.
Her heart at once felt joy, ſurpriſe, and fear.
Oh! Heav'ns! ſhe cried, what do mine eyes behold?
Is this a man? Ye Pow'rs above unfold!
Oh! yes it is, ſhe joyfully exclaim'd;
'Twas no deluſion which I laſt night dream'd.
The ſame mild aſpect and attractive air:
O! 'tis a man, I ſolemnly declare.

With ſilent wonder Damon view'd the maid,
And all her artleſs nat'ral charms ſurvey'd.

Upon

Upon his tongue prompt elocution dwells;
In ſmootheſt words the maid his ſtory tells,
How he through foreſts, boggs, and breaks did ſtray,
Till quite bewilder'd now he'd loſt his way,
Begg'd he might reſt him in her bow'r till day.

With joy ſhe leads him to the ancient hall,
And inſtantly did all her ſiſters call.
Come, ſee a man! ſhe cried; a man I've found.
Oh! how my ſoul with joy doth now abound!
With eager haſte each nymph came ruſhing down.
Graceful they look'd, their hair a lovely brown.
One preſs'd his hand, another ſtrok'd his hair;
All prais'd his perſon, ſhape, and comely air;
Declar'd he ne'er muſt from their bow'r depart;
Limira ſaid, 'twould ſurely break her heart.

So long he tarried, and with ſuch content,
That ere he wiſt next day was almoſt ſpent.
Then burſting from them homeward ſtrait he flies,
And left the mournful nymphs with wat'ry eyes;
Who in ſad words their bitter grief expreſt;
Curs'd their old Governeſs, gave her no reſt;
And vow'd, that they would ſtill deſpair and mourn,
Unleſs young Damon quickly would return.

To

To old NIGARRA ſhe the truth reveal'd,
And not one circumſtance from him conceal'd.
Leſt bad effects had followed his neglect,
He took them home, and us'd them with reſpect.
But ſtill young Damon in his heart he curſt,
And would have made him tremble if he durſt.

Henceforth, ye Parents! learn from this to know,
How far with your authority to go.
Would ye your daughters to be good and wiſe,
Teach them by your example truth to prize.
Early inſtruct them what they ought to know,
Of Vice and Virtue, Happineſs and Wo:
Leſt by ill-tim'd reſtraint, and jealous care,
You drive them to the things which moſt you fear.

On Lord ALVA, for repairing a ruined Bridge over the Dovan.

NO mean ignoble lay now claims the Muſe;
Ariſe, Calliope, my breaſt infuſe
With thy heroic ardour, and inſpire
Harmonious numbers, mix'd with ſacred fire;
Leſt verſe uncouth, and hobbling metre, ſtain
A ſubject Homer's pen might not diſdain.
Did Homer live, or ſuch a bard as he,
Fair Dovan might with his Scamander vie,
Whoſe waves the fierce Achilles ſet at odds,
Till in the combat gods made war with gods.
Oh! for a Muſe like his, now to reſound
The rural ſweets that in this vale abound;
Where beauties 'ſcape the dull untutor'd eye,
Which ſouls refin'd with raptur'd view do ſpy.

Hail! gentle Waters! ſoft and peaceful flow,
In graceful windings down the plain below.
Oft by your aid my Muſe was taught to fly
Beyond the radiant circle of the ſky,

When

When, ſafe immur'd in Cowden's ſhady bow'rs,
Far from the world, I ſtole ſome peaceful hours.
Thoſe hours all other hours excell'd the moſt,
When no production of the ſoul was loſt;
Where to hoarſe waters gentle breezes join'd,
To rouſe at once and elevate the mind.
A mental produce there each ſhade ſupply'd,
A bleſſing ſtill to circling crouds deny'd,
Who cannot ſeparate their bliſs from ſhow,
But blindly from ſuch ſweet retirements go.

As oft to this ſequeſter'd bow'r I came,
A ſhatter'd Bridge lay croſs my favour'd ſtream,
Whoſe rugged narrow paſſage hurt my ſight,
And with ſure danger travellers did fright.
Sore griev'd my heart ſuch ruin'd ſcenes to view;
And more I griev'd myſelf could nothing do,
Whilſt in this humble ſphere confin'd I ſtood,
To raiſe one arch up for the public good.
As once upon its brink I ſadly mus'd,
The water and its finny breed perus'd,
That flouncing through the deep did nimbly go,
And glitter'd through the blue profound below,
I gaz'd; but found my heart with ſorrow preſs'd,
Which thus in plaintive numbers I expreſs'd.
Ye Naiads! gentle guardians of the deep,
Whoſe eyes a watchful obſervation keep,

Attend,

Attend, left, heedleſs of the dang'rous way,
Some hapleſs ſtranger raſhly fall a prey;
Some reeling drunkard, careleſs of his fame,
Sink down, and with his fall pollute thy ſtream.
Soft o'er his head let whirling eddies flow,
And ſafely land him on the ſand below.

To things inanimate I thus complain'd;
But, to my grief, the fatal cauſe remain'd,
Till wiſe ALPHONSO from his ſecret bow'r
Obſerv'd the danger, and employ'd his pow'r;
A Noble Senator, who liv'd nearby,
To his propoſals quickly did comply,
And urg'd the cauſe with ſuch a well-tim'd zeal,
That in full council ſtrait he did prevail.
Hence action follow'd: maſons did repair,
The ſounding hammer quick an arch did rear.
Now gilded chariots here may turn with eaſe;
The work's complete, and muſt each trav'ler pleaſe.
Now penſive may I tread the river's brink,
And view the rocks and ſtreams, and pore and think;
Nor riſk the lover's loup, by ſad miſtake,
Which 'gainſt my will my heedleſs feet might take.
Here, DOVAN, may I view thy winding courſe,
And trace thy matchleſs beauties to their ſource;

How in thy hollow breaſt thou doſt embrace,
Of hills and vales a very ample ſpace.
Ye Naiads of the deep! declare its worth,
Or from what ſacred ſtream it claims its birth.

The awful ſilence ſtrait the Goddeſs broke,
And riſing from the deep ſhe graceful ſpoke:
O thou who doſt my bliſsful ſtreams admire!
And of their great original inquire,
Thy laudable deſire I long to quell,
Yet for a while thy eager thirſt repel.
Art thou not glad ſo fair a Bridge to view?
Hence to your former ſorrows bid adieu.
With joy I view'd his labour to repair,
And bleſs'd the gen'rous author for his care.
Soft ſhall my ſtreams adown his paſtures roll,
And with their genial moiſture fat the ſoil.
Like fruitful Nile o'er each Egyptian field,
Such happy produce ſhall his furrows yield;
While fair Pomona to his trees ſhall run,
And ſpread their painted bloſſoms to the ſun.
Year after year domeſtic ſweets ſhall riſe,
Joy fill his breaſt, and Pleaſure court his eyes;
Whilſt Pan, amidſt his fleecy charge ſhall ſing,
And Satyrs dance; the Woods with joy ſhall ring.

Such home-felt pleaſure is the due reward
Of thoſe who others good do ſtill regard;
Who to the pow'r of doing ſo is join'd
The god-like ardour of a willing mind.
To ſuch th' envy'd happineſs is giv'n,
To imitate on earth the Lord of Heav'n;
To lift from mis'ry the oppreſſed head,
And ſatisfy the hungry ſoul with bread.
For Heav'n all-wiſe, bade, at Creation's birth,
Superiors and inferiors people earth.
Some are inveſted with an ample ſtore,
God's ſtewards here below to feed the poor;
And thoſe that riot all thoſe ſtores away,
Deſerve excluſion from the light of day:

Thoſe worthleſs dregs and ſhapes of human-
kind,
Who break the ſacred order Heav'n deſign'd,
Who for each ſtation fram'd its proper uſe,
That all might gen'ral harmony produce.
No worth is rated by much wealth enjoy'd,
Nor rank in life, but how 'tis all employ'd.

She ſaid; and, diving in the water, laves
Her amber locks, and ſinks below the waves.
I gaze, her cryſtal palaces to ſpy,
But only ſee reflected clouds and ſky;

Then ſought the bow'r, with rural beauty
crown'd;
When, lo! the uſeful Senator I found.
My heart did ſecret homage to the man,
Who had completed ſuch an uſeful plan.
I wiſh'd the river-goddeſs might fulfill
Her words, and bleſſings on his head diſtill.

AMANDA and SYLVIA.

A Paſtoral.

AMANDA.

WHY droops my blooming SYLVIA? whence thoſe ſighs,
That half-ſuppreſs'd ſeem in your breaſt to riſe?
It hurts my ſoul to ſee your ſecret grief:
Declare the cauſe, perhaps I'll give relief.

SYLVIA.

Alas! the cauſe is far beyond your pow'r;
'Tis only Time that can my ſadneſs cure:
And Time perhaps will not my woe remove;
For who can tell but it approaches love?
Ah me! prepare to hear a diſmal tale:
What can my tears or ſilence now avail?
DAMON, the loveliеſt youth, the pride of ſwains,
Now bids adieu for ever to our plains;
To leave us unharmonious, ſtupid, ſad;
For who can charm like that delightful lad?

O'

Oh! none; for he ſo many ways can pleaſe,
And tells his ſtory with ſuch wit and eaſe,
That all the liſt'ning nymphs and ſwains declare,
That none with matchleſs Damon can compare.
Don't you yourſelf confeſs he's wondrous ſmart?
Ye Pow'rs defend me! but I fear my heart.

AMANDA.

Alack-a-day! and is that youth to go,
Whoſe warbling muſic makes each boſom glow?
Not Orpheus, when below he tun'd his lyre,
Could ſuch ſenſations in the breaſt inſpire.
Apollo hears his lays with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And owns he's ſtol'n the muſic of the ſkies.
Hail! ſacred Harmony! by thee we're giv'n,
To imitate on earth the joys of heav'n.
Bleſs'd be the gentle youth, who thus can move
The ſoul, and tune the paſſions into love.

SYLVIA.

O yes! his muſic ſure deſerves applauſe;
But ſtill with me he pleads a nobler cauſe.
In ſilent elocution he excels;
And on his tongue what ſoothing nonſenſe dwells!

But

But ſince the truth muſt be at laſt confeſt,
'Tis on the carpet where he charms me beſt.
There, O ye Pow'rs! the youth appears complete:
Or when he humbly kneels beneath my feet,
I own my pride is flatter'd; there I reign;
That's better far than his Tenduccian ſtrain.
Phaw! what to me do whinning rants avail,
Trailing his voice as long's the comet's tail?
I'd rather ſee my gown diſorder'd made,
Than hear each trio e'er Corellio play'd:
For, 'twixt ourſelves, I may this truth diſcloſe,
Some nymphs delight to romp beneath the roſe.

AMANDA.

I can't deny it much: but let him go;
Why ſhould his abſence fill your heart with wo?
Mad girl! don't you perceive your favour'd ſwain
Can romp with ev'ry nymph upon the plain?
You might as well controul the raging wind,
As think to ſettle his unſtable mind.
Beſides, 'tis but by turns we ſee his face:
He juſt peeps in, then ſeeks ſome happier place.
Like thirſty Tantalus, when 'bove his waiſt
The waters flow'd, which he durſt never taſte;
Such is our caſe: Then let the youth depart;
And may the bleſſed Pow'rs ſtill guard his heart

From

From joys which ſacred Reaſon muſt diſdain,
And pleaſures which on recollection pain.
Should Fate his ſteps to diſtant climes remove,
May Joy attend him, Fame, Renown, and Love;
That Fame which from inherent goodneſs ſprings,
Which brings more ſolid joys than pomp of kings.
For vain are riches, honour, pow'r, or ſtate;
'Tis Virtue only makes us truly great.

The

The DOUBLE MISTAKE.

COME, Muſes, let your aid to mortals ſhow
What great events from ſimple ſources flow;
How trifles oft to vaſt importance riſe,
Stalk through the earth, and fain would ſcale the ſkies;
How Pain on Pleaſure's joyful march intrudes;
Still, ſtill the fleeting bliſs our graſp eludes.
As ſweeteſt flow'rs on ſharpeſt briers grow,
So human happineſs is mix'd with wo.
Alarming ſtate! ah, Mortals! thus to chaſe
An airy form, which ſhuns our fond embrace:
Is there in Wiſdom's hidden lore no charm,
To fright the fiend, and all his pow'r diſarm?
Ah! no: Behold the wiſe are often caught,
And with the fool partake the mingled draught!

But ſay, ye bleſſed ever-tuneful Nine!
Immortal Virgins! Goddeſſes divine!
What mighty cauſe made CELIA's boſom ſwell
With ſudden paſſion, which no pow'r could quell,

Till rais'd to ſomething which we call diſdain,
'Gainſt STREPHON, gentleſt ſhepherd of the plain;
Strephon, whoſe form and mind might well
create
Far nobler feelings than the rage of hate.
But how came gallant Strephon to be mov'd,
And all that Celia utter'd diſapprov'd?
Such contrarieties our wonder claim:
Speak, Soveregn Muſe! and hand it down to
Fame.

Now ruthleſs Winter quits the blaſted ſhades,
And Spring's reviving pow'r the fields invades.
Fierce Boreas flies the animating ray,
And gentle Zephyr rules the ſmiling Day.
A golden glow uſurps the vaſt expanſe;
The nymphs and ſhepherds mingle in the dance.
Such ſcenes Arcadian ſwains of old did prove,
Where all was ſpring, harmonious joy, and love.
Delightful period! friend to ſocial life,
The bane of rugged Care, the foe to Strife.
Seize, Mortals! ere it fly, the bliſsful ſcene;
Fly, Diſcord; let not Prudery intervene,
To blaſt with pale diſtruſt our ſocial hours,
Which Time, in his rude march, anon devours.
Soon will the ſummer of our life be o'er,
And Muſic's pow'rful ſounds excite no more.

Warm'd

Warm'd with ſuch views, and met in yonder hall,
A choir of choſen youths produc'd a ball,
Conducted on Decorum's niceſt plan,
By Gnatho, a diſcreet ſagacious man.
He, jealous leſt they had tranſgreſs'd his rules,
And peradventure been the jeſt of fools,
A magic circle 'twixt the ſexes plac'd,
Who paſs'd to each had well nigh been diſgrac'd.
But to the ſage 'tis ſure a taſk to know
The medium 'twixt the right and wrong below:
Th' inexplicable lines do meet ſo nice,
Th' extremes of Virtue border upon Vice.
Good honeſt Guff,—whilſt offering the bowl,
He utter'd wholeſome precepts for the ſoul.

Eager to mix amongſt the young and fair,
The joys of muſic and of mirth to ſhare,
Young Strephon ſtrait ſolicits Celia's aid,
With him to dance.—The thought tranſports the maid:
For Strephon with the gayeſt might advance,
Or in the ring to ſhine, or lead the dance;
And Celia, though ſhe thought it, might compare
With other nymphs that look'd ſo blyth and fair:
With curious art behold the toilet's laid,
And glitt'ring gems and powder-puffs diſplay'd;

Th' attending Sylphs with flutt'ring haſte repair,
Whoſe ſovereign bus'neſs is to guard the fair,
And 'gainſt the deſtin'd meeting did deviſe,
In Fancy's maze to ſee a goddeſs riſe.

Vain bliſs! which thus the ſoul of man endears;
Nought is ſecure beneath the rolling ſpheres;
Some latent miſchiefs oft our ſchemes deſtroy,
And from the lip drive off the cup of joy.
For nor a goddeſs nor a nymph appears,
Diſaſtrous chance! but, left at home in tears,
The cruel Fates did Strephon overthrow;
Then all the fancy'd mirth diſſolv'd in wo.
Urg'd by theſe varied ſcenes, I penſive ſaid,
Coy Happineſs! thou dear deluſive ſhade,
Tell, thou attractive beam that charm'ſt our eyes,
In what ſequeſter'd bow'r the ſubſtance lies?
Does ſome malicious pow'r thy gifts detain,
And ſtill reward our ard'ous ſearch with pain?
Or is't our folly, pride, caprice, or ſpleen,
That charms thee hence to ſeek ſome milder
ſcene?

From doubt to doubt, with endleſs ſearch I ſweep,
Till friendly Morpheus lent the gifts of ſleep.
Then on my fancy roſe a ſhining form,
Whoſe dazzling beauty ſham'd the blooming
morn:

Perſuaſion's

Perſuaſion's moving pow'rs dwelt on her tongue;
Thus graceful ſhe th' inſtructive tale begun.

Hear, and let doubt to ſacred truth give way,
Whilſt I thoſe myſtic puzzling ſcenes diſplay;
Show mortals what a num'rous band of foes,
Unſeen, unthought of, 'gainſt their peace oppoſe,
Infuſing pois'nous thoughts, which often find
Too eaſy acceſs to th' unguarded mind.
Hence jealous Doubts, Diſtruſt, and wayward Spleen,
Like noxious vapours, dim the mind ſerene.
Know, in a hated region, void of light,
Where ſnakes hiſs round, dwells a deteſted wight,
From whoſe peſtif'rous jaws a vapour flies,
Which threatens ruin to the fair and wiſe.
Her ſoul the raging Furies ſeem to chaſe,
And fill with vengeance 'gainſt the human race.
If joy e'er on her wrinkl'd cheek appears,
The rueful ſmile is caus'd by mortal tears.
With this deſtructive hag the Harpies dwell,
Deceit, Deſpite, with ev'ry imp of hell.
Suſpicion, Miſchief, handmaids of her train,
Obſequiouſly promote th' infernal reign.
Thus arm'd with proper engines to annoy,
Too oft doth ſhe our peace of mind deſtroy.
Who ſends my Lady Grizel home in tears,
When Flavia's gilded equipage appears?

Who

Who makes a prude deſpiſe ſome favour'd toaſt,
And coxcombs unknown ladies favours boaſt?
Who in the jealous heart doth fury raiſe,
But this curs'd hag? who acts by various ways.

Now with malignant ſcowl ſhe ey'd aſkance,
Vaſt preparations for this jovial dance;
And ſtrait ſhe ſummons all her vengeful band;
Which fly, attentive of each dire command.
Hear, Harpies! all ye Furies, hear your Queen!
Each fell inhabitant who dwells unſeen,
Behold a pair who our dread pow'r repels!
Such harmony within each boſom dwells.
Both Nymph and Swain our mingl'd influence ſcorn:
They tread on flow'rs, but ſeldom feel the thorn.
Aſſiſt me now to blaſt their fair deſign:
Go, raging Miſchief! that fell taſk be thine.

She ſaid: — And Miſchief, with a Harpy train,
Flew off, and reach'd the diſmal ſeats of Pain;
Invok'd the pow'r, whoſe ſad preventing blow
Made Strephon quickly feel the tort'ring throe.
And now ſupine he lies, a prey to pain;
Excruciating anguiſh fills each vein.
Ah me! no more can muſic charm his ſoul,
Nor friendly converſe, nor the flowing bowl.

Eaſe

Eaſe now the youth with ardour ſeeks to find;
To leave the ball, the nymphs, and feaſt reſign'd.

A winged courier next to Celia flies;
The nymph receives the news with wat'ry eyes;
Yet not the diſappointment griev'd the fair,
But that which hinder'd Strephon to be there;
And ſympatheticly reſolves to wait
At home, and ſhare her weary partner's fate.
Miſchief, aghaſt, to find her arts in vain,
Fled, hiſſing, back to her infernal train.
Suſpicion next upon a vapour ſails,
And in a dream the maid with doubts aſſails.

Ah! ſleep'ſt thou, hapleſs Virgin, ſaid the foe,
When ſuch contempt your charms muſt undergo?
If this once touch the young malignant ear,
What known contempt of beauty muſt you bear,
And be the jeſt of ev'ry envious fair!

Was it for this your robes were laid aſide,
Whoſe ſparkling brightneſs with the ſun-beams vy'd?
For this in penſive durance kept at home,
Whilſt Strephon to the ball did joyful roam?

Nor

Nor thought of thee did once his mirth controul,
He of each pleaſure-party was the ſoul.

The Nymph awakes, now jealous of her fame;
Suſpicious fumes went raging through her brain.
Deuce take! ſhe cried, the flatt'ring cringing race,
Whoſe wiles oft prove a foe to female peace.
Deteſted arts! that ſuch as I ſhould grieve!
Henceforth let never maid a man believe;
Nor ever after truſt an outward form,
Since faireſt apples lodge a cruel worm.
The ſnake is often hid 'mongſt faireſt flow'rs;
And thus th'unwary paſſenger devours.
O were he here! with one deſtructive blow
My fan ſhould lay the vaſt offender low.

Thus rag'd the Nymph: Young Strephon all the while,
Unconſcious of offence; and void of guile,
Approach'd the nymph; who in a volley ſhed
A torrent of reproaches on his head.
Amazement and ſurpriſe his ſpeech ſuppreſt,
A prompt excuſe lay ſtruggling in his breaſt.
But leſt ſubmiſſion had the fair appeas'd,
The fiend ſtept in, and all his vitals ſeiz'd.
Suſpicion, Anger, roſe to ſuch a height,
That each genteel apology took flight.

Now

Now, like contending pow'rs, whoſe warlike pride
Scorns vain debates, the ſword muſt now decide:
Both ſtood reſolv'd unnatural war to wage;
Pride anſwer'd Pride, and Rage encounter'd Rage.
But leſt ſuch dire events had taken riſe,
That earth and air had rent with vaſt ſurpriſe,
I left my dwelling in the bow'rs of light,
And quickly put each helliſh imp to flight.
Griev'd that ſuch favour'd mortals had been ſnar'd,
And for a while ſuch harſh ideas ſhar'd,
I op'd th' internal beam of Reaſon's eye,
Which made Suſpicion's gloomy vapours fly.
Why did not Muſic's pow'rful force expell
Thoſe doubts, and baffle all the rage of Hell?
Where was Apollo, father of the lyre,
Whoſe ſons he oft doth with my force inſpire?
Bleſs'd are my vot'ries, paſt the pow'r of Fame,
Or Fortune's gifts; for Harmony's my name.
Bleſs'd they who ſeek my ſocial influence:
I ſovereign bleſſings to the ſoul diſpenſe.
She ſmil'd, and with a blaze of light retir'd.
I wak'd, and felt my ſoul with ardour fir'd.

Hail, ſacred Harmony! delightful gueſt!
Come and poſſeſs each corner of my breaſt:

Come, Goddeſs, with thy bliſsful ſmiling train,
Scatter Diſtruſt and Doubt, Diſcord and Pain;
That not our friendly dance, nor ſocial feaſt,
May e'er produce repentance or diſtaſte.
Teach us to baffle our infernal foes,
And their united force with thine oppoſe:
Then Muſic-ſounds, and ſweet harmonious Peace,
Shall rule our ſouls, and felleſt Diſcord ceaſe.

To Mrs RUSSEL, on her leaving Britain.

ERE from Edina's circling bounds you fly
Where friends ſhall weep, and heave the parting ſigh;
Ere from our fond embraces you are torn,
On curling waves and foaming billows borne;
Permit the Muſe to bid a long adieu,
To Merit, Excellence, to Taſte, and you.

But, ah! what painful ſentiments ariſe
Within my breaſt, and fill with tears mine eyes!
What force of language ſhall my feelings tell,
When I attempt to write that word *Farewell?*

And muſt you go to India's diſtant ſhore?
And muſt I never, never ſee you more?
Muſt foreign climes ſo vaſt a bleſſing prove,
And from our iſle your form and mind remove?

O cruel Fate! th' alternative ſevere
Bids me approve the blow I ſcarce can bear,
Bids me that conſtancy and truth admire,
That makes you from your native land retire,

Occaſioned by ſeeing a great number of Trees cut down at Solſgirth.

AH me! what ſadly-rueful ſcenes appear!
Soft! till my boſom burſt the heart-felt ſigh.
How fades the proſpect of the op'ning year,
And all my ſanguinary viſions fly!

No more I'll ſit beneath each grateful ſhade,
So oft the Muſe's haunt, and ſole delight!
See! on the ground the ſtately elms are laid!
Invention dies; it ſickens at the ſight.

What frantic madneſs form'd the barb'rous deed,
To ravage, hack, and maſſacre the field?
Ye gentle waving Pines! is this the meed
For each exalted thought your ſhades did yield?

Here did my infant-ſteps the Muſe explore,
Long ere I knew, the animating voice:
Unſkill'd in Science, or in Wiſdom's lore,
'Twas Nature early dictated my choice.

O!

O! ſacred bleſſed choice! to me more ſweet,
Now when Reflection doubles all my joys,
Than pow'r or riches, howſoe'er complete:
Compar'd, the latter ſeem but empty toys.

For bliſsful viſions on my mental ſight
Are by the Muſe's fruitful pow'r diſplay'd:
Beyond each trifling aim I take my flight;
E'en Grief itſelf by their bleſs'd force allay'd.

For who can limit Fancy's airy way,
Or clip the riſing wings of Thought ſublime?
What pow'r on earth that ardour can allay,
Which ſoaring mounts beyond the verge of Time?

Shall then my lyre, neglected and forlorn,
Refuſe a plaintive tribute to rehearſe?
The ſacred ſpot, whoſe ſhades in early morn
Of life, conſpir'd to tune my ſoul to verſe.

When check'ring through the trees with ſweet ſurpriſe,
The bluiſh hills, majeſtic, ſtruck my view,
Methought the world was all before mine eyes,
And bounded where the ſight could not purſue.

Soon

Soon as the moon in heav'n began to roll,
Through clouds her pathleſs journey would I trace.
A ſentiment innate compell'd my ſoul,
In ſuch amuſements all its bliſs to place.

For all Creation's mingl'd beauties riſe,
In pleaſurable forms, to bleſs that ſoul
Who fondly views them with admiring eyes,
And grateful thanks the Author of the whole.

O happy period! whither art thou fled?
Return again; my knowledge I'll forego:
For now, alas! each grove or cooling ſhade,
Such bliſs cannot procure, unmix'd with wo.

For Deſolation ev'ry where appears,
Where Taſte, erewhile, and Judgement, did preſide.
And ſee the Trees diſtill ſoft trick'ling tears,
And mourn their glory left without a guide.

Ah me! who next ſhall lord it o'er each flow'r,
Shall dare the ſacreligious axe apply,
And all thoſe ſweet remaining ſhades devour,
And with impunity the Muſe defy?

Bleſs'd Shades, adieu ! no more I'll you invoke!
No more your beauties view at parting day ;
Talk with the Dryads of yon ancient Oak,
Or hear the woodland ſongſters chaunt their lay !

The Dignity of the SOUL.

What is a man profited if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul? or what ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul?

MATTH. xvi. 26.

EMphatic, awful words, yet how ſublime!
Which raiſes man beyond the verge of Time;
Proclaims aloud his ſoul's immortal fires,
Its elevated views, and vaſt deſires!
Pronounc'd by God's Eternal Son, whoſe plan
To endleſs glory rais'd the hopes of man.

O condeſcending love! ſurpriſing grace!
Which high Archangels, wond'ring, ſtrive to trace;
Why from the boſom of his Father's love,
The Lord of Glory did to earth remove;
Why he aſſum'd man's nature, and to death
A willing victim did his ſoul bequeath;
Why all the wrath of God he did endure,
To render our ſalvation firm and ſure;

Deſpis'd

Deſpis'd of men, rejected, and abhorr'd,
He whom celeſtial Cherubims ador'd;
He whom th' Eternal did proclaim on high,
His ſole Begotten, girt with majeſty;
Who ſpoke, and, lo! the earth, the ſea, and ſkies,
From Nothing's barren womb did quickly riſe.

Almighty Wiſdom! paſt the pow'r of thought,
That this fair frame to ſuch perfection brought;
Who governs ſtill with univerſal ſway,
Elſe all would run to ruin and decay!
That he by whom ſuch glory was diſplay'd,
Should in a humble manger e'er be laid!
Should e'er be buffeted by barb'rous foes,
And on a croſs expire with tort'ring throes!
Exploring angels did this myſt'ry view;
Still rapt in wonder do the theme purſue.

Shall man, for whom this ſacrifice was giv'n,
Be laſt to prize th' amazing gift of Heav'n?
To tend his ſoul ſhall angels leave the ſkies,
Whilſt ſin makes him th' immortal ſpark deſpiſe?
Infatuated thoughtleſs man, awake;
Gird up thy loins, thy ſin and ſloth forſake;
Fly to the Lord, leſt his forbearing grace
Should change, and vengeance merited take place.

Thoſe in the gen'ral judgement muſt condemn
Such careleſs ſouls, who their own worth contemn,
When to redeem them God was at ſuch coſt,
Amazing love! that all might not be loſt.

Ye Angels, that excel in heav'n above!
Ye burning Seraphims, that melt in love!
To CHRIST you ne'er can be ſo near ally'd,
As thoſe immortal ſouls for whom he died,
When entering heav'n in triumph like a bride,
For ever by the Bridegroom to abide;
For ever paſt the frailties here below;
Triumphant glory evermore ſhall grow;
Still moving nearer the Eternal Mind,
Still new and rapturous diſcov'ries find.
The myſt'ry of the Croſs ſhall be diſplay'd,
And ev'ry crown at JESUS' footſtool laid.
Juſtice and Mercy ſhall with glory ſhine,
Contriv'd by Love and Wiſdom all-divine.
O Man! thine own immortal grandeur view;
No more thoſe ſoul-debaſing ſchemes purſue.
Caſt vaſt ambition fire? can bliſs allure?
Here both are offer'd, permanent and ſure.
When earth and all its ſcenes are ſwept away,
Thy ſoul ſhall beam through everlaſting day.

Awake, my ſoul! man's grandeur point to view;
Celeſtial themes with ardour ſtill purſue.

Know

Know thy own dignity, and ſcorn to raiſe
By Verſe, ſome trifling nothing into praiſe:
No; 'tis a gift divine, by Heav'n deſign'd,
T' exalt, improve, and harmoniſe the mind;
T' enforce religion by the tuneful art,
Till it ſubdue and captivate the heart;
To imitate angelic ſtrains below,
And make the ſoul with warm devotion glow.

O thou from whoſe almighty ſource firſt came,
To me unſought, this animating flame!
Still may thy ſpirit warm and guide my lays,
Whilſt I attempt to celebrate thy praiſe.
O could my verſe the pow'r of Vice controul!
Aſſiſt the fervors of ſome pious ſoul,
In ſome ſad heart diffuſing ſacred joy,
With fervent zeal my pen I'd ſtill employ;
In any ſoul could I its worth infuſe,
The dormant faculties with ardour rouſe,
To ſeek the Lord moſt high, whilſt he is near,
Whilſt his long-ſuff'ring patience doth appear;
Whilſt yet a Mediator can appeaſe,
And from the power of ſin their ſouls releaſe.
O could ſuch bleſs'd effects my labours crown!
Without regret I'd to the grave go down,
And think myſelf more bleſs'd than if my name,
In loudeſt peals had ſwell'd the voice of Fame.

All-pow'rful Grace! exert thy gentle reign,
My wayward paſſions huſh, their pow'r reſtrain,
That I no ſlur may on religion bring,
But realize the precepts which I ſing;
Still ſtrive with zeal the narrow path to tread,
By the great Captain of Salvation led.
By him aſſiſted, all my foes ſhall fly;
I Sin and Satan's kingdom ſhall defy.
And when the awful trumpet's pow'rful call,
Shall to its centre ſhake this wond'rous ball,
With joy I'll view my Saviour ſpring from high,
Whilſt ſun and ſtars amaz'd before him fly.
O happy morn! O ſoul-exulting hour!
When all the dead ſhall burſt the tyrant's pow'r;
When all the bleſſed ſpirits of the juſt,
Again ſhall animate their precious duſt;
Then from corruption, ſin, and ſorrow free,
Shall praiſe the Lord through all eternity.

OTHO and RUTHA.

A true Story.

PART FIRST.

OTHO.

THE wind blows over my head as I ſit by the purling ſtream. Sad and diſconſolate I ſit alone. I ſpeak; but there is none to hear me: I vent my ſighs to the hollow rocks. The rocks, more ſoft than tyrant man, ſeem ſenſible of my complaints; and the breezes ſigh reſponſive to my moan. Oh! when ſhall my woes be ſtill? when ſhall remembrance ceaſe to wound me? Ingratitude, black as hell, denies my ſoul its eaſe, and poiſons all my joys. But ſurely death, the wretch's laſt relief, ſhall quickly end the ſcene. Then ſhall I dwell in the land of Silence, and ſleep in peace with my mighty anceſtors. Hark! ſure I hear the tread of feet. Methought I had ſecluded myſelf from prying Curioſity, and breathed out my ſorrows unknown. Fall upon me, ye tall cedars! hide me, if poſſible, from man. I would aſſo-

ciate with beaſts of prey, and find them leſs deſtructive to my peace than ſoothing faithleſs mortals. — But, ha! my friend, my Rutha! How ſhall I avoid him?

RUTHA.

Otho! my kind indulgent friend! a prey to ſilent grief! how ſhall mine eyes behold the ſcene, and not turn blind with wo? How fare you, Otho? why is your venerable head uncovered in the deſert, a prey to the warring elements and riſing ſtorm? With the anguiſh of a friend have I ſearched out your retreat. Pour now your grief into this faithful boſom, and I will try to eaſe you.

OTHO.

Rutha! Rutha! do mine eyes again behold you? Alas! I am no more that Otho you have known, filling with joy the hearts of the diſtreſſed. No more with plenty are my barns crowned, nor fatneſs dropping from my table. There has the hungry oft been filled; and dire calamity has loſt its edge. Oft has a beam of joy ſhone on the mournful brow; and Grief itſelf, at my approach, aſſumed an air of mirth. Silence dwells in my halls, ſo late the reſidence of friendly intercourſe. No more does the echoing horn reſound through the

the plain, and awake the early huntſman. And worſt of all, my ruined family are left to wander helpleſs and expoſed. Ah me! my Rutha! how can I, who am the cauſe of all their wo, ſupport their miſery?

RUTHA.

My ſoul is wounded to behold your tears, and all my firmneſs ſinks into the child. You who ſo lately was the poor man's friend, and by his dire oppreſſors ſeen with terror, now lie extended on the earth, juſt like an oak by ſome untimely blaſt blown up, and all its riſing branches lopt away. Oh! let me lead thee from this deſert wild. Near to the entrance of this humble vale, I ſpied a little hut, the mean, but happy dwelling of an aged hermit: thither let us bend our ſteps, and ſeek a ſhelter from this dreadful ſtorm. Hark! the thunder roars! the lightnings fly before us! it is more than Nature long can bear. Make haſte, good Otho; leave this ſolitude. Here let the guilty find ſecurity. Calamity itſelf ought never to triumph over virtue ſuch as yours.

OTHO.

O! leave me, Rutha! leave me to my grief: for ſoon, I think, it will bear me where no care can enter. My ſoul is ſick of this diſtracted ſcene;

and evils rush so fiercely o'er my soul, they have swept my peace away. And, what is worse, my friend, the man whose life to save I could have risked my own, has struck the blow. O Rutha! I have a tale of wo to utter that would pain your heart. But why with unavailing murmurs wound your peace? Think not I fear the warring elements. I tell thee, Rutha, were they all combined with their united force, they could not hurt like false Ingratitude's envenom'd sting. Fly from the smooth insinuating smile, the subtle promise of a man in power: The sacred delegates of Heaven they seem, and lull us to repose; but, ah! my honest friend, they dream not of hereafter; though yon awful thunderer from above weighs all their actions in an equal scale, and will at last reward them. Farewell. Rutha, leave this gloomy grove; for here it is certain I will end my days.

RUTHA.

Has sad Calamity so far overwhelmed the noble firmness of my Otho's soul, as make him cowardly forsake his post, and fall a victim to the crime of villains? Can you believe my heart remains an unconcerned spectator of your wo, and leave you like the world to sigh alone? No: on my bended knee I here intreat you, rise: take pity on your

your friend; for, by the ſacred Powers above I ſwear, I will never leave you. One tomb ſhall here receive us; and the wind ſhall quickly cover us with leaves, and from the wandering traveller conceal our lifeleſs trunks, if ever chance ſhall bring a traveller to this deſert. Farewell, World, thou dwelling of buſy men: henceforth we ſhall converſe the mighty dead, and learn a language altogether new. Farewell, Friends: my kindred all, adieu: for Otho, thou art dearer to my ſoul than kindred, friends, and world.

OTHO.

O Rutha! generous noble Rutha! thou haſt overcome me. Thy god-like friendſhip ſure is paſt example. Give me your hand, and I will follow whither thou ſhalt lead. Thou art like the glorious luminary that chears creation, wading through the miſt, and gladdening all around. For ſure my heart, till thou appeared'ſt, was cold as death, and clouded over with ſorrow. Thy preſence has diſpelled the gloom, and beamed in joy upon me. But yet thy honeſt, candid, faithful heart, could never dream the ills I have endured. My houſe by deſperate ruffians rifled, and made bare; my happy family diſſolved; my fair Sabina, the dear partner of my joys or grief, with ſtreaming eyes, midſt all the horrors of the mid-

night-

night-hour, forced to the woods to fly for ſhelter. She, and my helpleſs infants, were denied mine aid and ſuccour in their keen diſtreſs; myſelf obliged to ſkulk, and, coward-like, ſeek refuge for this head, doomed to be miſerable, left confinement dire had next befallen me. But where the lovely injured excellence is now, the Heavens alone can tell. O Rutha! could I dare to look her in the face, whom I deſerted in her bittereſt woe!

RUTHA.

I am not ignorant, my noble Otho, how thou haſt been uſed by cruel Agendemon. I know how that inſinuating villain Guſto, ſtep by ſtep, cooled his affection towards thee. Jealous of your growing honours, he practiſed your ruin, and kindled up the flame that blazed upon thee. Alas! my friend! who in this fleeting wilderneſs can call themſelves ſecure? Honours, like ſhadows, paſs ere well perceived; or, like a midnight-meteor, quickly die. It is virtue only that can make us ſmile, in ſpite of Fortune's frown. Rich in itſelf, it needs no borrowed ornament; but looks moſt bright ſeen through the glaſs of ſharp Calamity. And when it throws away this mortal tenement, it mounts above yon rolling ſpheres, and far outſhines the ſun in luſtre bright. There,

There, there, my Otho, ſhall the good man ſhine; nor ſhall Oppreſſion, Cruelty, or Rage, e'er more aſſault him.

OTHO.

How all my ſorrows fly at your diſcourſe, and peace and happineſs beam in upon me! Sure it was my guardian angel ſent thee thither, to rouſe me from deſpair: thou haſt learned me to act a nobler part, and triumph over diſtreſs by bearing it. Oh! my Rutha! I am aſhamed to tell thee, that I meanly did intend to end my days in wo, and pine away with grief. Methinks this rugged way ſeems ſmooth by thy engaging converſe; and this dreadful rain juſt like the gentle dew. Such is the power of friendſhip. How far have we to wander ere we reach the hermit's ſeat?

RUTHA.

Juſt a little further: at the foot of this deſcent, there runs a purling ſtream, that glides between theſe mountains. By trees encircled round, there ſtands his little dwelling, juſt the reverſe of grandeur, or of wo. It is built of turf, the inſide lined with birch; and here and there an oſier ſhelf, to hold his books. Thus, quite retired from earth, and all its vain purſuits, by meditation, prayer, and other exerciſe, he fits his ſoul for heaven.

Lo!

Lo! yonder is the good old man, juſt at the entry of his little dwelling, gazing at the ſtars; and ſure I can diſcern more lights than one blink from his lonely hut. Either I have been miſtaken, or ſome unhappy perſon, like ourſelves, have been relieved by his humanity. Behold! he eyes us with ſurpriſe, I think with pity mixed. Do you, good Otho, give him a ſalutation.

OTHO.

Hail! Venerable Father, ſole maſter of this lonely place! ſuffer the children of Affliction to ſalute thee. Tired with the ills of life, and falſe ingratitude of perverſe men, we ſought a refuge in this wilderneſs; chuſing to herd with beaſts of prey, leſs ſavage than the creatures we have fled. Yet Nature frail recoiled at this fell ſtorm, and made us fly where we might find relief. By thy appearance, one would judge thou art paſt the ills of life, and wiſely flyeſt from man's deceitful converſe, to hold it with ſuperior beings. We proſtrate at your feet, and thus demand your bleſſing.

HERMIT.

Ariſe, my brethren! May he whoſe goodneſs rules the world ſupport you in your keen diſtreſs. Children of Affliction, doſt thou ſay? I give you joy,

joy, as by that path ye will arrive at peace. Long did I wander in the ways of wo, puſhed on by blind ambition, and a falſe deſire of being great. Alas! we have imperfect views of grandeur; and, like an idiot, eying ſome high pinnacle, whoſe top he fain would reach, but trudges on in bogs and mires, till, quite immerſed, he loſes his firſt ardour, then ſits down content. But it is improper here to ſpend your time in words. Ye have too long endured this bitter ſtorm; and Nature ſure muſt need ſupport. Then follow me, and I will lead thee to my peaceful cot; where I, retired from human converſe, ſee the ſeaſons roll. Waked by the ſoaring lark, I leave my homely bed, and taſte the pleaſant ſilent hour, the gentle dawn of morn. That is the time for meditation, prayer, and ſacred thought, when all the ſoul is calm. And when the Sun's broad beams too ſcorching prove, I to ſome cool refreſhing ſpring repair; under the covert of ſome grateful ſhade I lay me down, my faithful dog ſtretched by my ſide; there with the dead I hold ſweet converſation, or the book of Nature read with vaſt delight. Then doth ſtill Evening come, and with her brings a philoſophic calmneſs; bids the warbling ſongſters take a pauſe. I likewiſe offer up my ſong of praiſe, and ſeek repoſe. Thus, day by day, unenvied or envying, I ſteal life's round a-

way. A little longer, and I will pass that dark and gloomy path whereof no mortal ever came back to give right information. But then alone the good man only lives. Here we but breathe; yonder we will soar with angels, and reap the fruits of abstinence below. Then cease to grieve at what thou termest *distress*; and which, if rightly seen, would change its name. The virtuous are not always blessed on earth. Affliction clears the rust away, which dims our noblest lustre. For whilst we eagerly pursue the goods of life, and in the heedless paths of pleasure wander, ah me! my brethren, all within is wild disorder; and the chiefest part of life forgot, that which gives dignity to all our actions, rectitude within. The soul alone is capable of happiness; and that must flow from rational delights. Fair modest Virtue, daughter of the skies, oft flies the throng, and to some shade retires. There Wisdom to the soul opes all her treasures, and points to the way to perfect peace.

OTHO.

With wonder and amaze I hear his words, which fall more sweet than honey dropping from the combs; and over my mind, oppressed with wo, soft peace is spread. O Hermit! pious soul! who by devotion, prayer, and other exercise, art

grown

grown familiar with the ſons of Heaven! by thee I am cured of folly, which had nigh overwhelmed me. With other eyes I now behold my fate, at which I mourned. I now could lift my voice to joy, were dear Sabina to my arms reſtored. I in ſome wilderneſs could end my days; nor ever think on Agendemon more. But, ah! dear Rutha! there my weakneſs lies; that wound incurable will ever pain me.

HERMIT.

Why doſt thou murmur at the ills of life, or wiſh the inexplicable ways of Heaven for thee reverſed? Nor ever dream yourſelf the only man who of the bitter cup have deeply drunk, or trod the paths of Care. Reflect, whilſt the correcting hand of Heaven thus humbles you in duſt; look inward, and conceive it is all to try the metal of your ſoul; and as you ſtand the teſt, the gloomy veil will be removed; and you emerge, like Night's majeſtic queen, after the earth's oppoſing groſſneſs rolled away, which had eclipſed her beams.

This day eventful ſcenes have come before me. A little paſt the twilight, as I took my walk within the moſt retired receſſes of the wood, and ſeldom trod by human foot, I laid me down, be-

neath a ſtately oak, whoſe ſpreading branches were reflected in the ſilent lake, which to the eye of the beholder preſents both leaves and ſtars. An univerſal ſilence reigned; my very breathing ſeemed a noiſe. When I a while had given my meditations vent, I heard a plaintive ſound; it ſeemed a female voice, ſo faint it almoſt died away before it reached me. I reaſoned with myſelf, who in this lonely place could thus lament? and the dark lowering ſky foretold the coming ſtorm. Ye bleſſed immortal Powers! I cried, that this ſequeſtered vale at once ſhould veil from public view the happy and the miſerable. I ſtarted up, and wondering ſtood, uncertain where to turn; when, lo! mine ear again invaded was, with ſounds, ſoft as an angel's ſong heard at the midnight-hour by dying ſaints, thus breaking ſilence.

O ſable Night! with all thy terrors thou canſt not affright me: thou canſt not ſhow a colour equal to my mind. Blow upon me, O Wind! and whiſpering through the trees, O lull my woes to reſt. Ah me! here in this deſert I muſt mourn in vain. The rocks, the murmuring ſtream, do not relieve me. Inconſtant Fortune! lately was I favoured with thy ſmiles, with all the flattering pomp thou canſt inſpire; when, lo! thy countenance

countenance fell: thou didſt frown upon me, and I was undone. In one ill-fated hour I was deprived of all that gilded life, or made it worth my care. Oh! Heaven, reſtore me to —— Then her voice died away: a ſtream of tears denied her thoughts a paſſage. I moved toward her with impatient ſteps, to help, if poſſible, a mortal in diſtreſs; when, at the foot of a huge hollow rock, from whoſe bottom iſſues forth a limpid brook, in all the elegance of wo, lay Beauty in deſpair, juſt like a lily, blooming in the wild, by ſome untimely blaſt defaced. Soon as the boughs, touched by my garments, gave her notice of my near approach, ſhe, with a timid and beſeeching look, aroſe, and threw herſelf before me. O ſtranger! ſhe cried, whoſe grave deportment would beſpeak thee more than mortal: If thou art ſome mighty ſpirit of the deſert, O help a frail unhappy woman! ſpeak, and eaſe my fears. Riſe, daughter, I replied; be not afraid: in me thou doſt behold the remnant and remains of youth and ſtrength, by age and watching now grown pale and meagre. Give me your hand, and I will lead you to my peaceful cot, where you may take repoſe. With modeſt dignity ſhe aroſe. I led her, fearful and overcaſt with doubts, through bog and brake; and muſt confeſs I felt emotions full of ſympathy, mingled with a ſtrong deſire to know what wayward

ward blow of Fate had plunged her down in ſuch exceſs of wo. But judging reſt the fitteſt remedy, I made her ſeek repoſe.—— A philoſophic curioſity excites me to expoſe myſelf, whilſt thunder roars. Thus did I meet with thee. Thank Heaven, my brethren, that my ſolitary hut proves an aſylum to diſtreſs and virtue.

OTHO.

O Hermit! pious ſoul, thou art indeed my guardian angel! If what my heart forebodes be true, thou haſt ſaved my dearer half. In your deſcription, I behold the lovely fair Sabina. It is ſurely ſhe! Her lively grief proclaims it. My heart, overcome with warring paſſions, grows too big for utterance,— wants proper words to thank you.—— He faints!

SABINA.

Pardon me, moſt rever'd of men! for this intruſion ſo abrupt; but either my ſenſes are deceived, or the well-known ſounds of my loved lord approached mine ear, in accents ſo bemoaning, doleful, ſad, they have pierced me to the heart, and made me fly to ſooth and ſhare them. Oh! Heavens! what do mine eyes behold? Otho on the ground! it is too much.— Ye bleſſed Powers,

Powers, ſupport me! —— She falls upon his neck! —— He opens his eyes!

HERMIT.

Be not diſturbed, O man to ills inured! now ſhall your woes be over, and every gloomy care give place to joy. Afflictions oft-times pave the way to peace: reject not, therefore, the advice; nor let thine aid be wanting to bring good from evil. —— See ſhe moves?

OTHO.

Have I then found thee, O Sabina! my beloved, thou brighteſt ornament of all my fortune? in whoſe ſweet preſence each unruly paſſion flies aſhamed. To thee reſtored, all ſtates will be delightful. Awake, my love! and in my faithful arms loſe every care.

SABINA.

Is this a dream, a ſweet deluſion of the brain? or do I really breathe within thy arms, my noble Otho? Then all my woes are paſt. No more ſhall Fortune, mercileſs and cruel, nor Fate, with all its miniſters fell and dire, e'er part us more? —— But ſay, my worthy lord, where haſt thou been? or by what miracle your life preſerved?

ved? What chance procured this happy meeting?

OTHO.

What have I not endured ſince I beheld thee laſt, my fair Sabina? All that you can imagine diſmal fell upon me. But it was thine abſence I bewailed more than my fleeting honours; and that thy tender helpleſs ſex wanted my ſuccour in your greateſt need. —— But ſince kind Heaven has thus united us in bliſs, let us not dwell on themes of ſadneſs. — How fare my children?

SABINA.

Your children all are well. Oft, prattling by my ſide, they did inquire for thee, and always wondered what detained their ſire. This melted me in tendereſt wo; nor longer able to endure the cruel combat, I to my faithful nurſe committed the dear babes, and in deſpair I wandered through this deſert, reſolved to find thee, or periſh in the attempt. But Heaven has bleſſed my raſh endeavour with ſucceſs. I found thee where I leaſt expected. To this moſt worthy Hermit I owe my life and happineſs. —— Ha! Rutha! pardon my miſtake; I ſaw not thee.

RUTHA.

RUTHA.

With pleaſure and ſurpriſe I was ſtruck dumb, and felt the ſatisfaction of my friends with vaſt delight. O may it never from this happy hour be leſs ſublime! but may that virtue which has been ſore proved, feel yet a ſpring of happineſs below; till, tired of earth, you gently fall aſleep, and join your kindred ſouls in bliſs above.

OTHO.

Now, Rutha, give me your hand, thou kindeſt, tendereſt friend! by whoſe ſoft friendly counſel I am alive: henceforward let us live like children of one family, and tread the paths of Happineſs together. Mean time within your hoſpitable roof, good Venerable Sire, we will retire, and lull fatigued Nature to repoſe.

HERMIT.

Go to your reſt, my children; and may Heaven bleſs your repoſe! — Still keep in your mind, this fleeting tranſient ſtate can ſoon deprive us of our deareſt joys. Go on in Virtue's ſacred path; it will of itſelf reward you with content. Though here it is often ſcorned, in more ſuperior regions it will bloom and flouriſh with unfading luſtre.

PART SECOND.

HAil! glorious fountain of light and heat! the world revives at thy chearing beams. The ſhades of Darkneſs fly thy approach: when thy fair harbinger, daughter of the dawn, mounts her ruddy chariot in the ſkies, aſtoniſhed Darkneſs ſhrinks aghaſt, and leaves the undiſputed ruler of the day.

Now the thunder had ceaſed to roar. The morning roſe with a pleaſing ray. The herbs and flowers perfumed the air with a ſweeter ſcent, and fair Creation looked ſmiling and gay. When Otho left his bed of reſt, Heaven had chaſed away corroding Grief, and peaceful ſlumbers refreſhed his frame. He went forth with a heart elated, and joined the early warblers in a ſong of praiſe.

OTHO's Prayer.

REJOICE in the Lord, O my ſoul! for he upholdeth thy ſteps. Ariſe in the morning, and hymn aloud his praiſe. Before the beaſts of the field

field come forth, or the fowls of heaven leave their neſt, proclaim with humble gratitude his gracious ways. Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul! Praiſe the Lord, thy bountiful benefactor; who has delivered thee from deſpair and death; whoſe watchful providence has conducted thee into the paths of Peace; who has preſerved thee through the ſilent night, and opened thine eyes to the chearful morn. Up, then, with alacrity, and praiſe thy Maker: ſerve him with fear and reverence through the day: obey his commands with pleaſure, till life's ſhort date be paſt: then ſhall Death approach thee with an angel's form, and become the kind meſſenger to lead thee into perfect peace.

Thus prayed Otho, and his ſoul was cheared. The flowers ſeemed ſolicitous to court his attention; and every object he beheld, ſtirred within him a ſource of joy. He beheld Rutha and the Hermit at a diſtance. They had got the ſtart of him, and were admiring the wiſdom of God, who made thunder and lightning produce ſuch ſalutary effects upon Nature. He advanced to meet them with haſty ſteps, and accoſted his revered hoſt with the ſalutations of grateful joy. Behold, Otho! ſaid the Hermit, how beautiful the earth appears! what fine painting adorns all Na-

ture! The air is perfumed with the moſt delightful fragrance, whilſt the artleſs melody of the groves completes the harmony. Aſk each tree or flowering ſhrub in this blooming wilderneſs, how they ſhunned the lightning's blaſt? or where ſlept the tuneful tribe, when Nature ſeemed to reel, and threatened to expire? Are they not rather clad in new beauty? The lively verdure excites delight. Striking emblem, my friend, of that bleſſed calm your mind will ſoon evince, if, affianced in the guidance of Heaven, you view the ſtorms that are paſt as neceſſary to diſpel the miſt that dims your intellectual eye, as the thunder has cleared the air, and given refreſhment to the earth below. But come; for Morning is yet a child: whilſt Sabina ſleeps, retire to yonder bower. If my requeſt be not preſuming, I long to hear each incident of that life, which Providence has varied with pleaſure and pain. —— Otho bowed conſent; and ſeating themſelves in a pleaſing arbour, without any preamble, thus began his tale.

The Hiſtory of OTHO.

You deſire me, moſt excellent Hermit, to recall ſcenes that are paſt. To thee I owe more than

than life; and if the viciſſitudes that have taken place in mine can claim your attention, hearken whilſt I relate the means uſed by ſucceſsful Vice to inſnare, and at laſt totally overwhelmed, unſuſpecting Virtue.

From an illuſtrious line of renowned anceſtors I derive my birth. But that will avail little in your eye, thou wiſeſt of the ſons of men! When Virtue does not blazon over thoſe accidental circumſtances, high birth only renders its owners more contemptible. But their names ſtand high in the liſt of the brave. Strong were their arms in the war; whilſt their wiſdom ſettled, and often preſerved the peace.

But I mean not to tire your ear with their exploits, though for ages unnumbered they ſwelled the rolls of Fame; but it is neceſſary to give you my father's hiſtory, the better to illuſtrate and make you underſtand my own.

The potent earldom of ——— devolved on his head in the twentieth year of his age, by the death of his father. He reverenced his mother; and ſhe deſerved his filial regard. She preſided with judgement and dignity over his affairs; nor ever gave it over till the day of her death. Ludovico,

dovico, father to Agendemon, was a gracious prince. His ſtrength lay in his people's affections. Whilſt they riſked their lives and fortunes to preſerve his glory, his goodneſs and wiſdom ſtill courted the means to make the firſt happy, and render the latter ſecure.—Bleſſed Prince! whoſe life is modelled by equity and truth! happy people! on whom Heaven in love and mercy beſtows ſuch a prince!

Great ſouls are quickly enamoured of correſpondent virtues; whilſt the wicked ſurvey them with malignant ſpleen, and meanly endeavour to tarniſh their luſtre. But Ludovico ſingled my father from all his train, and made his breaſt a repoſitory of his ſecret thoughts. He repaid that confidence with mutual truſt. Sacred ſilence formed the key which locked them ſafe in his heart. He acquired the liberty of ſpeaking his thoughts with freedom, when intereſted courtiers ſuggeſted ſchemes which he conceived hurtful to the public weal: he boldly proteſted againſt the meaſure, though aided by the ſovereign voice. This gave riſe to cabals and ſecret intrigues. Dark ſchemes were put in practice, to ſow diſtruſt in his ſovereign's heart; all which only cruſhed the authors, and made his innocence blaze more bright. The King's virtue beheld a conduct ſo

oppoſite

oppoſite to the ſervility of a court with the high-eſt applauſe. He bleſſed Heaven for giving him a man whoſe integrity led him to riſk his anger, to preſerve unſullied his renown. In ſhort, he became prime miniſter of ſtate. None were admitted to any truſt who had not the ſanction of his applauſe. Knowing him above all venal bribes, his recommendations were ſure of ſucceſs; nor could his neareſt friends procure his vote, if he deemed them unfit for the office he ſolicited.

The King delighted to do him honour, calling him the great ſtaff which ſupported the realm; whilſt he, with indefatigable zeal, laboured to baniſh bribery and corruption; encouraging the arts, by promoting thoſe who were eminent in any of them. Honeſt Induſtry raiſed her head; and ſmiling Plenty, with an angel's mien, lulled the labourer's heart into peace.

The King had a cuſtom of going with my father in diſguiſe to ſeveral parts of the kingdom; where they were entertained as ſtrangers, and had an opportunity of hearing the voice of Truth, and viewing men as they are; found out intrigues ere they were freely ripe, and by an artful conduct cruſhed it often in the birth; redreſſed grievances, which oppreſſed merit modeſtly concealed; and

and often had the pleaſure of hearing their actions highly extolled. But they did not truſt this curious ſcheme to any ear but their own. There was a caſtle two miles from court, ſurrounded with planting, and ſo contrived as at all times to regale the ſenſes. Art was ſo diſpoſed as to reſemble Nature, and might be juſtly termed the ſeat of the Muſes. To that delightful place they often retired; and whilſt there, it was a crime for any perſon to invade their privacy. From this place they emerged, undiſcerned, to their various routes, and always returned with the ſame caution.

One day, as my father aſſiſted the King to equip for their private expedition, he preſſed his hand betwixt his, and with a gracious ſmile thus began.

Dear Otho, friend of my heart, and ſupporter of my fame! no words can utter what I feel through your preſence. Mean are the joys which royalty can bring, or the ſoothing voice of adulation inſpire: the thinking mind, mocked with the empty farce, ſhrinks within itſelf, demanding more than pomp can beſtow. Friendſhip is baniſhed from courts; Sincerity flies from the monarch's ear; but Friendſhip alone can ſweeten life, and

make

make us anticipate that felicity which awaits us in the regions of the bleſſed; unmixed with thoſe incidents, which, mingling with our own folly, often thwart the pure flame below. But why does thy ſolicitude for my glory baniſh from thy mind what thou oweſt thyſelf? Perceiveſt thou not, my friend, how the rolling years inſenſibly puſh thee into the noon of life? Haſt thou forgot, that upon thy fleeting breath depends the growth or total extinction of the Othonian line? In vain does Beauty ſpread its charms to your view: your callous heart reſiſts the ſoft impreſſion. The ghoſts of your noble anceſtors glare around us. See the warlike troop beckon mine aid to preſerve their decaying race!

My father was moved with this mark of his Majeſty's affection. Tears, ſpite of himſelf, trickled down his cheek. He told him, the realm had always ingroſſed his care; and ſhould he attach himſelf to a family, that attention would be divided. Huſh, Otho! ſaid the King; you muſt trifle no longer; look round the beauties of the court; to the firſt of them you may pretend; and always remember I am your friend. But let us away: I long to put off the fetters of Majeſty. In our excurſions, when diſguiſed, we have the felicity of hearing the ſentiments of the public, un-

mixed with Flattery's noxious weed; of enjoying the hoſpitality of our kind receivers with equality and eaſe.

They quickly iſſued forth, and met with adventures too trifling to mention; but returning through the foreſt of ———, they were overtaken with a dreadful ſtorm. Thunder and lightning made the deſert ring. The livid flames flaſhing through the gloom, made viſible every tree in the wood, and threatened to lay the blooming foliage withered on the ground. Come, Otho! ſaid the King; let us ſeek a ſhelter. The angry elements owe us no fealty; and over the rude bluſtering wind we have no ſway. Nigh this wilderneſs lives ———, firſt Knight of my realm. For generous hoſpitality he is famed; and, lo! a light beams from his hall. Shivering they approached the gate: though the ſtorm had now ceaſed, they ſtill felt its effects. But the voice of Muſic charmed their attention, as if ſome ſmiling cherub had touched the lyre. Through a window they beheld a nymph, fairer than Arcadia could boaſt. The Graces played on her artleſs brow; whilſt mingled Dignity drew reſpect from the ſoul. She accompanied the lute with her voice, and ſung the exploits of Ludovico, aſſiſted by Otho, the right-hand of war. At inte-

reſting

reſting parts, the notes and voice ſeemed to die away ſo irreſiſtibly ſweet, that the raviſhed ſoul diſſolved in ecſtaſy. Sure, cried my father, in a rapture, this is no mortal form! Some courteous angel has aſſumed this look, and imitated thoſe ſounds, to mitigate our preſent deſtiny. Ye Powers of Heaven! he exclaimed, where are we? Gracious Prince, let us fly; for this is all enchantment.

The King ſmiled; but knocked at the gate, and inſtantly obtained admittance. Here the diſtreſſed traveller found a temporary riddance of every care. The Knight was abſent; but his beauteous daughter, fraught with all the hoſpitality of her ſire, welcomed the ſtrangers with a modeſt grace. The King ſlily aſked her, what hero it was whoſe actions ſhe ſo melodiouſly rendered up to Fame? She ſweetly recited his own renown; and dwelt pathetically on my father's praiſe. Truth, ſanctity, and wiſdom, ſhone in every word. My father felt unknown powers fixing a pleaſing empire over his ſoul; and when the hour of retiring to reſt approached, he wondered how the winged moments had flown ſo ſwift away. Gray morning appeared, which firſt whiſpered him, he had paſſed a ſleepleſs night. Trembling he left his bed; but the ardour that uſually

puſhed him away from ſuch excurſions was not to be found. The King was firſt equipped, and ſmiled at his fond delay; for he hovered long about like a ſhadow; which indeed he was, having left the ſubſtance behind. They rode to the bower in ſilence. The King, pleaſed with his growing paſſion, interrupted not the ſoft reverie; and when they arrived, heedleſs of his wonted duty, he threw himſelf on the ſopha, ſighing like the breezes fanned by the weſtern wind. His Majeſty burſt into a loud laugh; which made him ſtart, and awkwardly attempt an excuſe. But the King's raillery grew too ſevere. He was fain to avow the hidden flame that glowed within him, and begged the fair Angelina might be procured for his wife. The motion pleaſed the King; and my father went in his own form to wait on the Knight; and had the pleaſure to find, that in his diſguiſe he had likewiſe charmed the maid. The Knight thought his alliance an honour; and their nuptials were celebrated with the utmoſt ſplendour, aſſiſted by the King, and all the nobles of the court. He carried her to the hall of his fathers. He had neglected it for the ſervice of the King; who, in return, made it again ſhine in former ſplendour. Sweet were the firſt days of their union, and pleaſant the end thereof! A love fixed like theirs knows no ſatiety, nor terminates with

with mortal life. —— Bleſſed pair! ye now inhabit the regions of the juſt, filled with that divine flame which never ſhall decay.

I was the ſole pledge of their affection: my birth gave univerſal joy, and occaſioned the ſong of the bards. Fair and unclouded roſe the morn of my life. Be humbled, ye proud! whoſe heads are lifted high. Who could have thought this child of Fortune and Fame, in a few circling years, by a ſad reverſe, would become the outcaſt of both?

My father's attendance on the King threw the tuition of my tender years on my mother's care; which ſhe executed beyond the run of her ſex. Her ſoul was the manſion of Wiſdom and Virtue. She imprinted the ſacred leſſons on my heart; which became obedient in her hands, as reeds to the winds of Summer. By her addreſs, the precepts of Religion and Virtue ſtole unawares upon me. She never ſtrained the young mind beyond its pitch; but watched the opening dawn; and, as it could conceive, let the grand precepts of Chriſtianity beam in full ſplendour, to allure, to captivate, to force into practice thoſe beautiful truths, whoſe luſtre ſhone ſo bright in this preſent

ſcene,

ſcene, and promiſed immenſe rewards when time ſhould utterly decay.

My father, pleaſed with my growing abilities, appointed me an able tutor; and when I had attained my tenth year, I was brought to court.

The King ordered me a place among the princes; and often gave me marks of his approbation. Dear to my young heart were the firſt marks of my Sovereign's applauſe: it made me ſedulous to gain his eſteem. In every branch of literature I made ſurpriſing progreſs; and ſoon ſurpaſſed all my copartners in renown. Agendemon, who was ſome years older, ſhowed little taſte for abſtruſe learning; but in every martial exerciſe he excelled; was of a comely preſence, and majeſtic deportment. Agriculture was his chief ſtudy; in which, through time, he became a proficient. He could name every herb of the field, and its uſe; and in cultivating the blooming parterre he took vaſt delight. But his ear was not ſhut to the voice of Praiſe; of which he was emulous to deſerve. But, alas! the language of a court is all diſguiſe. The ſycophant often aſſumes Sincerity's fair form, and leads the unſuſpecting heart aſtray. That weakneſs in the heart of Agendemon was the ſource from whence the mingled miſeries of my life

life took their riſe. He loved pleaſure, and could brook no controul; but concealed thoſe inclinations from the King, by an exterior appearance of virtue. An engaging addreſs gained him every heart. The aged courtiers exulted in his growing worth; whilſt the ſycophant, on whom worth has no power, worſhipped the riſing ſun, which was one day to gild their hemiſphere. A war with his allies broke out, through the ambition of Gerald, one of the princes of ———. He invaded his dominions in a hoſtile manner; and would have made Ludovico tributary to his avarice. The method the King always kept, prevented any diſorder. A council of his ableſt ſtateſmen were convened, and an army inſtantly ſent to the field. Agendemon appeared like the god Mars, ſhining in ſplendid array; like a fair tree in ſpring, whoſe blooming foliage delights the eye. I too was honoured with command, though only in my fifteenth year. How my young heart was elated with the proſpect of fame! and bounded with the hope of ſignaliſing myſelf in ſome worthy exploit! Fortune guided my arm to ſave Agendemon from the fury of his foes. His valour puſhed him into the hotteſt part of the battle.

I beheld him fiercely aſſailed on all hands, till, overcome by numbers, he was tumbled from his horſe. This ſight diſtracted me. I ruſhed in to his relief, without thinking on my own danger. Deſpair guided my arm, which dealt deſtruction at every blow. Aſtoniſhment ſeized my enemies, and aided my conqueſt. But long it could not have availed me, had not a number of brave men viewed my ſituation, and flown to my relief. The confuſion of their entrance made our foes give way; which inſpired us with courage. We fought like men who were determined to ſell our lives and liberties at the deareſt rate. The ſhades of Night increaſed the horror: a cry of victory from our ſide occaſioned univerſal terror: Diſorder ſtalked on every hand: our foes were diſcomfited, and put to flight.

The prince and I were carried off the field, covered with blood and duſt. I had many wounds all over my body; but the applauſe received from all the officers more than balanced my pains. Agendemon called me his deliverer; and wrote ſuch encomiums of my action to the King, that the whole court reſounded with my fame.

Gerald's army were ſo routed, that he was glad to

to mention terms of peace; which Ludovico concluded on honourable conditions.

But I muſt not omit an incident which took place during our reſidence there, as you will find by the ſequel of my hiſtory. It is connected with ſome intereſting parts of my life. One night as I was patrolling round the camp, the moon ſhone with unclouded luſtre. I ſtrayed inſenſibly towards a wood at ſome diſtance. A pleaſing river diſplayed the waving branches in its pure boſom. A cry of diſtreſs rouſed me from my reverie; and its repetition made me fly after the ſound. Help! help! for Heaven's ſake! ecchoed from a female voice, was enough to rouſe all my ardour. Upon coming up to the place, I found a chariot driving on with violence; a lady ſtriving to diſengage herſelf from a man that forcibly detained her. I cut the reins, and ordered the driver to ſtop at his peril. My glittering blade, and determined aſpect, ſtruck him dumb. But the man in the chariot bade him drive on, aſking what boldneſs made me interfere in their affairs. O ſave a hapleſs maid! ſaid the lady, and the bleſſed Powers will reward the deed. And you ſhall be ſaved, O beautiful nymph! I replied, or my life ſhall fly away in your defence. Here I opened the chariot-door, to pull her by force

from her raviſher. But he, determined to defend his prize, made a puſh at me with his ſword.

I pulled him to the ground, and we fought with keenneſs. I got a wound in my ſhoulder; but made a puſh at my antagoniſt, which tumbled him to the ground.

Tell me, wretch! ſaid I, who has put you on this horrid action? Your life is in my hand; and from your devoted head Truth only can ward the blow.

Carry her to the Prince, ſaid the fault'ring wretch. She is deſtined to make him happy; it is by his orders I act; and if you are a ſubject, you will not dare to baffle Agendemon in his pleaſures.

Infamous impeacher! I replied; ſtain not the Prince with an act ſo vile. Myſelf will carry you to his preſence; where your villany will be confounded, and meet its reward. At this the afflicted fair ſprung from the chariot, wrung her hands, and fell at my feet. She was beautiful as an angel; her beſeeching poſture, and plaintive accents, might have moved an anchorite, thus accoſting me.

Next to divine preſerver of mine honour, may thy noble conduct to me draw Heaven's beſt bleſſings on thy head! Be ſure your ſoul is replete with dignity, and will aſſiſt afflicted Innocence: then ſhield and ſave me from the view of your Prince. There is one who will feel for my captivity, as the lioneſs does the loſs of her young, when violently torn from her embrace. To him reſtore me, my generous deliverer! and if he thanks thee not, may we be again ſeparated by vaſt tracts of land and ſea.——As my ſervant had followed at a diſtance, I diſpatched him to the camp for aid. The reins of the chariot were inſtantly repaired; and I ordered the wounded victim to be put in a place of ſafety, till I heard from the Prince the truth of the whole. I put the lady beſide me in the chariot; who, as we drove on, gave me her hiſtory in theſe terms.

My father, you know, is one of the chief Lords of court. He has a villa in this neighbourhood, to which I accompanied him ſome months ago. On our return home, he heard the proclamation of war; and being to join the army, hired lodgings for me at a little diſtance, till he ſaw the iſſue of the battle. I was betrothed to Rutha, whoſe merit Fame has loudly ſounded; and, but for this little excurſion, we had been inſeparably

united. His valour likewise brought him to the field; nor will it seem strange to a soul like yours, that he often visited my retreat.

Often, whilst he left me, I spied a man whose appearance was doubtful; but was too happy to think any evil near me. Last night, as the Lord Rutha left me, I followed him with my eyes, till I lost him in air; and straying insensibly out of my path, was suddenly seized by a man, who, ere I was aware, forced me into this chariot. As I reproached him for depriving me of my liberty, he replied, I was going to the Prince, who would make me the envy of every maid; and whose love would soon reconcile me to my fate. I wept! —I tore my hair!—but in vain!—His marble heart, obdurate in evil, mocked at my wo!—till Heaven sent you to my relief. Blessed be thy valorous arm, O youth! May victory ever sit triumphant on your sword! and may the sweetest voice of Fame give your noble actions immortal renown!

This tale was wrapt up in darkness. I knew my Prince could never authorise a deed so vile; and when I recounted to him the truth, astonishment struck him dumb. He confessed Avignor had told him of a maid who had consented to the scheme

ſcheme of being carried away: but when he heard her quality, and to whom ſhe was betrothed, he bluſhed to think ſuch an outrage bore the ſanction of his name. I ſoon appeaſed the tumult in his breaſt; and by my addreſs prevailed on Rutha to draw a veil over the affront, leſt it had reached the King's ear: for ſuch was his virtue, that not the Prince's merit could have prevented his diſgrace.

What grateful motions, O Rutha! aroſe in thy heart, when I delivered the fair Ermina in ſafety to thy arms! Whilſt the dread of what ſhe had well nigh endured made her over-rate my valour, as ſhe dwelt on the horrid tale, her beautiful face, like Aurora bluſhing in the eaſt, was covered with a crimſon veil.

The wounded Avignor was carefully attended. Agendemon deſpiſed his corrupt ſoul; but his taſte for pleaſure made him countenance a wretch whoſe vileneſs could ſtoop to any means for promoting it. Fatal weakneſs in man! but in the heart of a prince, a malignant ſtream, whoſe infected current overflows every virtuous plant, and chokes the noble growth.

We returned to court; where his Majeſty gave me a reception beyond my deſerts, and raiſed me to honours above my years. But though the path of Honour is alluring, it is beſet with ſnares. Envy raiſed her wrinkled viſage, and ſcowling viewed my riſing fame. Though the ſphere I then moved in was too glorious for their malice to reach, all ſeemed ſolicitous to court my attention; whilſt my intereſt raiſed many to honour, and poſts of renown.

Elpenor, a young lord of a pleaſing aſpect and mild addreſs, was led by Ambition to ſeek my friendſhip. So well he imitated Truth's fair form, that his ſpecious manner quickly won my heart, and I poured its inmoſt receſſes into his breaſt. I ſpoke to the King in his favour, and my word advanced him to honour and fame.

The riſing proſpects of the youth ſhed a joy over my ſoul, as the huſbandman ſurveys the earth with delight, when fruitful Ceres ſtrows her gifts in its lap. He anticipates Autumn's plenteous crop, and views his barns richly crowned. O Elpenor! how are the bands of amity and truth weakened by thy deceit! Who ſhall truſt appearing excellence, or depend on Friendſhip's nobleſt boaſt, leſt the fair ſemblance conceal treaſon,

ſon, and lurking Falſehood emerge from under the ſacred veil? But from its aſſumed votaries the ſharp wind of Adverſity blows the maſk away; whilſt thoſe that are real, link more firm, and bid defiance to its rude blaſts. Little did I then think, O moſt worthy Hermit, that I was cheriſhing a viper in my boſom, whoſe envenomed bite had well nigh torn my heart. He concealed inclinations from my knowledge, which he knew my principles would condemn: for ſo forcible were the precepts of my youth, that they influenced every action of my life; and ſo ſtrict was the virtue of the King, that open Vice ſhowed not its head at court: with him the road to preferment led through the pure vale of Truth and Honour. Such ſalutary rules produced the nobleſt effects: the courtiers either were, or ſeemed to be, ruled by Virtue.

The King admitted me to their ſecret councils, and often aſked my opinion on matters of ſtate. At firſt I bluſhed to decide on ſuch intricate topics; but finding him reſolved to ſound my depth, I carefully ſtudied every event, till I clearly beheld the ſprings by which each political engine was modelled. The faculties of the mind are ſtrengthened by exertion; as Heaven's refreſhing dew makes herbs and flowers bloom freſh and

gay. Such exercises roused my mind from inaction, and made contemplation my delight. I drunk deep of Helicon's exhilarating stream, till I became enamoured of the Muses; and they repaid my toil, by shedding a serene light over my soul. They displayed Religion and Virtue in the most captivating dress to my view. Their influence polished my deeper studies, and softened the severity of abstruse scenes. Blessed is the youth who early thirsts after Philosophy and Virtue. They seat him on a pleasing eminence; where he breathes the air of Liberty, and rises superior to Pleasure's enervating tie. The loud roar of Passion is hushed to peace by Reason's powerful penetrating ray. Improper ideas once opposed render their influence weak; and perseverance makes the conquest sure. Though the lot of humanity precludes perfection, by daring to conquer, it is wonderful how great man can be.

Elpenor and I were often at hunting-parties together. We chased the wild goat over rocks and mountains; whilst Health, like a ruddy nymph, touched our nerves with her grateful vigour. One day, as I pursued the deer with impetuous swiftness, my horse was uncurbed and fierce, and ere I was aware threw me to the ground; which dislocated my shoulder. Stunned with

with the fall, I lay ſpeechleſs; but recovering, found myſelf in a litter; Elpenor at my ſide, with looks of the moſt eager inquiry after my ſituation. I was conveyed to a ſweet retreat, which chanced to belong to Elpenor, whoſe ſiſter at that time was regaling away the ſummer-months in that charming abode, full of woods, groves, and interſperſed water, with every beauty fit to inſpire rural tranquillity.

Able phyſicians were inſtantly called; who ſet my arm, though not without immenſe pain; and next day I fell into a fever, which threatened my life. The whole court was alarmed, as the King himſelf ſeemed ſo ſenſible of the blow; and came in perſon, with my father, to conſole me in my diſtreſs. In time my youth and ſtrength ſubdued the fever's rage. I grew quiet, and out of danger. Elpenor never quitted my bed; and his ſiſter, beautiful as the roſy Morn, preſented my medicines with a ſweet ſolicitude; which, when I became ſenſible of my ſtate, produced powerful effects on my heart.

Elpenor obſerved them with joy; and when I grew a little better, on pretence of important buſineſs, left me whole days alone with my fair phyſician.

She read to me at times with the moſt graceful accent; and with hands of ſnow touched the harp in notes ſo ſweet as quickly melted my ſoul. The infection ſtole unperceived; I was loſt ere I was aware.

Then in vain did Philoſophy, and a love of ſcience, which I thought would have guarded my heart from female charms, now aid me! Thoſe elevated views fell before the ſoft ſeducer, upon whoſe ſmile my whole happineſs now depended. Vain confidence! arrogant ideas! why do you dwell in the heart of man? Were he conſcious of his frame, Humility would erect her throne in his breaſt; and, by her precaution, guard him from thoſe ſnares which often trap the ſelf-ſecure.

I diſcloſed my ſentiments to Elpenor; who declared, his happineſs would be complete to claim me by ſo dear a tie. I likewiſe told the ſoft tale to the fair Vaneſſa; who modeſtly referred me to her brother. But the ſweet language of love ſat in the humid beam of her eye, and ſpoke unutterable things. Fired with the ſoft impreſſion, I haſtened to court, to procure conſent to have our union completed. His Majeſty embraced me with affection, and thanked Heaven for my recovery.

As

As ſoon as I was alone with my father, I threw myſelf at his feet, and avowed my paſſion in ſuch a warm manner, as ſtruck him dumb. He turned his face from my preſence, and heaved a deep ſigh; — walked a long while in a thoughful ſilence, which I durſt not interrupt; — at laſt, My ſon, ſaid he, reſiſt this growing paſſion, as I foreſee it muſt ſtop your riſing fame. Let a few years roll over your head, ere you fix in life. Great are thine endowments, O my ſon; cultivate them for the good of others; for the King's ſake, who feels joy in your mental powers, and wiſhes to ſpread their influence over the realm. — I bathed his hand with my tears; but loſt the power of utterance; and ere I could reply, the King entered the room, and ſurpriſed us in this unutterable ſcene. Amazement, grief, and confuſion, alternately ſtopped every tongue. His Majeſty looked wiſhfully upon us; and thus began.

Tell me, Otho, what means your tearful eye? is it thus you welcome your ſon from Death's awful jaw? Gracious Sovereign! he replied; Heaven be praiſed for my ſon's life. At preſent I tremble for the death of his fame. Then he recounted all I have told you to the King; who ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, threw himſelf in a chair, and ſtared at me in ſilence. As one who has ig-

norantly hugged a ſerpent to his breaſt, diſcovering the dangerous inmate, ſtarts with horror from the envenomed bite, I rouſed from my ſoft inchantment, and threw myſelf at his feet.

Pardon, moſt revered Majeſty, and you, my excellent parent, pardon a wretch, whoſe folly has offended. Behold me, at your feet, willing to ſubmit to Wiſdom's ſacred rule.

Ariſe, Otho, ſaid the King: I know your conqueſt is complete, if you attempt the cure. You are already far advanced up the hill of Excellence; nor muſt the Syren voice of Paſſion ſtop the glorious march. I have other purpoſes to employ your thoughts, that your preſent ſcheme would entirely fruſtrate. Go and recover; I leave you to yourſelf. Remember, I think nothing too difficult for an Otho to ſurmount. —— So ſaying, he led my father away, and left me in a ſtate paſt deſcription; Love and Reaſon, like two enraged warriors, battling in my ſoul. —— How ſhall I give you an adequate idea of what paſſed within my heart? On the one ſide, the beautiful Vaneſſa ruſhed on my thoughts, with the mildeſt attention in her looks, whilſt ſhe tended my diſtreſs with the ardour of affection. Her fair eyes ſuffuſed with tears, wiſhing to tear my faithleſs image from

from her heart. On the other hand, the King and my father diſapproving of my choice, mildly intreating me to delay. The King's confidence in my fortitude and victory over myſelf, produced amazing effects. But the conflict was too ſevere for my weakneſs. Again I fell into the fever's rage; and again the whole court was alarmed for my life.

THE ſequel of OTHO ſhall be given in ſome ſubſequent publication, if the public approve of the ſpecimen. Perhaps it will not be the leſs acceptable to many readers, that it has truth for its foundation, and is not entirely the flights of fancy.

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Miſs P. Elphinſton
Mrs William Elphinſton
Miſs Mary Erſkine
Mr Erſkine of Forreſt
Miſs Jeany Erſkine at Culroſs
James Erſkine of Cardroſs
Mr Henry Erſkine
Mr William Erſkine, M. A.

F

Lady Louiſa Fitz-Patrick
Mr Alexander Faichney
Mrs Farquharſon, 2
Mr John Farquharſon writer, Edinburgh
Mr Findlay of Bogſide
Mr Fitz-Patrick
Mrs Fletcher of Salton
Mr David Flint
Mr Gabriel Fonſier
Mr James Foreman
Mr Lauchlan Forſyth
Mr Frederick Fotheringhame
Mr Oſwald Fotheringham writer
Mr Alexander Foulis

Rev. Mr James Frame
Miſs Fraſer, Gardeners-hall
Mr William Fraſer
Mr Winfred Fraſer
Mr James Fulton

G

Rt Hon. Lady Betty Gavin
Hon. Mrs Graham
Mrs Galloway
Mr George Gardiner
Mr John Garmory
Mr John Gadner
Mr Richard Gardiner
James Garthſhore, Eſq; of Alderſtone
Miſs Iſabella Gavin
Mr David Gavin, compounder
Mr James Geddes merchant, Edinburgh
Mr David Geddes, of the exciſe
Mr Robert George, London
Mr William Gentle
Mr James Gib watchmaker
Mr Harry Guthrie junior, writer
Mr Archibald Gibſon writer
Mr Alexander Gibſon
William Gibſon, Eſq; of Craigrie
Miſs Grace Gilchriſt
Mr Thomas Gill
Mr James Gilleſpie, Perth
Rev. Dr William Gloag
Mr John Gloag
Captain Goodſer, Leven
Alexander Gordon, Eſq; of Crichtown
Mrs Gordon of Auchintoul
Mr John Gordon junior, Writer to the Signet
Mrs Graham

Mr

Mr Thomas Graham
Mr William Graham
Miſs Eliſa Grant
Captain Grant
Mr Lewis Grant
Rev. Dr Grant
Mr Grant, Advocate
Mrs Margaret Grant at Charleſtown
Mr Colquhoun Grant Writer to the Signet, 4
Mr James Gray
Miſs Gray of Terſus
Mr Andrew Gray
Mr David Greig
Mr Andrew Gibſon

H

Rt Hon. Lady Mary Hogg
Hon. Lady Hacket
Hon. Lady Henderſon
Hon. Lady Huntington
Mr James Haig merchant, Edinburgh
Mr John Haig
Mr Thomas Haig
James Haldane, Eſq; of Airthrie
George Haldane, Eſq; of Clingleſs
Mr John Halkerſton
Mr Alexander Hall
Mr George Hall
Mr James Hall
Mr William Hall
Miſs Halliday
Mr John Hallion
James Haly, Eſq; of Kennidder
Miſs Johanna Hardie
Mr George Hardie baker
Rev. Mr Thomas Hardie, Balingry
Mr Thomas Hardie

Mr Alexander Houſton
Andrew Houſton, Eſq; of Calderhall
Mrs Hay of Hopes
Mr Lewis Hay
Mr James Harrower, 2
Mr Charles Hay, 5
Collector Hay, Eſq;
Mrs Hay, Nicholſon-houſe
Miſs Hay
Mr William Hay glover, Dunfermline
Mr Thomas Hay
Mr Ben. Heath junior
Captain John Henderſon, 2
Miſs Anne Henderſon
Matthew Henderſon, Eſq;
Mr William Henderſon
Rev. Dr Henry
Miſs Henry
Miſs Betty Henry
Dr Heron of Burgaly
Mr Henry Heron
Mr Patrick Heron
Hon. Lord Holland, 4
George Drummond-Home, Eſq; younger of Blair Drummond
Mr James Home
John Horn, Eſq; of Duddingſton mill
Mr James Hotchkis
Abel Howard, Eſq;
Mrs Howden, at Blair
John Hickes, Eſq; of Heathfield
David Hume, Eſq;
Miſs Hume
Mr William Hume merchant, Edinburgh, 3
Mr William Hunt junior, Dunfermline

Mr Alexander Hunter
Mr Robert Hunter

I

Mr William Jaffray
Mr Henry Jamieſon, Leith
Mr Robert Jamieſon
Mr Thomas Jeffreys
Mr George Imlach writer
Mr John Inglis
Alexander Innes, Eſq; of Cathlaw
Mr James Innes
Mr Gilbert Innes
Mrs Joaſs
Mrs Betty Johnſton
Andrew Johnſton, Eſq; of Rennyhill
John Johnſton, Eſq; of Grange
Mr Walter Johnſton, Graſs-market
Mr Samuel Johnſton
Mr James Jollie
Lewis Jones, Eſq; London, 2
Andrew Jones junior, Eſq;

K

Rt Hon. the Earl of Kinnoul, 2
Rt Hon. Lord Kinnaird
Hon. Lord Kennet, one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice
Hon. Lord Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice
Mr George Kellie ſurgeon, Leith
Miſs Kemp
Rev. Mr John Kemp
Mrs Kerr of Cavers
Miſs Jeany Kerr
Mr James Kettle writer, Edinburgh
Mr Alexander Kidd
Mrs Keith

Miſs

Miſs Keith
Mr Keith
Mr Keith junior
Miſs Peggy Keith
Mr William Keith
Mr John Kilgour
Mr William Keith
Mr John King
Mr Thomas Kinloch
Mr Rolland Kinnaird
Mr George Kirkpatrick

L

Rt Hon. the Earl of Lauderdale
Rt Hon. the Counteſs of Lauderdale
Rt Hon. Lady Anne Lindeſay
Hon. Lady Jean Leſlie
Hon. Lady Mary Leſlie
Mr James Laing
Mr George Laing writer, Edinburgh
Mr William Laing
Mr Richard Lake, writer
Mr John Lamont
Mr John Langlands
Mr Robert Langlands
Thomas Langlands, Eſq; London
Mr William Law merchant, Edinburgh
Mrs Leith, George's ſquare, 2
Mr John Leſlie writer
James Loch, Eſq;
Mr James Loch, Writer to the Signet
Mr William Lockhart
Rev. Mr Logan, Leith
Mr William Lumſdane

M

Rt Hon. Lord Maitland
Hon. Mr Baron Muir

Hon. Mr Barclay Maitland 7
Hon. Mr Thomas Maitland
Hon. Mrs Maitland 7
Miſs Margaret Maitland
Alexander Maitland, Eſq;
Miſs Mary-Turner Maitland
Hon. Mrs Mackay of Dean
Colonel Maſterton
Rev. Mr Walter Macalpine, at Culroſs
Mr John Macarthur
Sir George Macdougall
William Macdowal, Eſq; younger of Caſtleſemple
Mr Archibald Macdougall
Miſs Eliſabeth Macfarlane
Miſs Macfarlane
Mr William Macfarlane
Mr Robert Macgachan, Maryland
Mr Donald Macgilchriſt
Mrs Eliſabeth Macglaſhan
Mr John Macgowan
Mr Macgruther writer, Edinburgh
Mr John Macintoſh
Mr Patrick Macintyre
Mr Donald Mackellar, Livingſtone
Mr John Mackellar, Calder
Mr William Mackellup
Mr Andrew Mackenzie, Alloa
Miſs Jean Mackindlay
Mr Alexander Maclauchlan
Mr Alexander Maclaren
Mr Alexander Maclean
Mr Lauchlan Maclean
Mr James Macleiſh bookſeller, Edinburgh
Mr James Macmary, Edinburgh
D. Macmillan, Eſq; of Dunmore
Mr John Macnab writer, Edinburgh

Mr

Mr Thomas Macnab
Hector Macneil, Esq;
Mr Alexander Macpherson
Miss Jeany Macpherson, Luckenbooths
Mr Macqueen, Advocate
Mr John Maccraw
Mr Neil Macvicar
Mr Patrick Macvicar writer, Edinburgh
Mr James Mansfield
Mr John Marchison
Miss Jeany Marshall
Mr Thomas Martin surgeon, Hull
Mr Peter Matthew
Mr John Maxton
Mr John Maxton
Mr Archibald Maxwell
Mr James Mayelston
Mrs Mecclesfield
Gilbert Meason
Mr William Mein
Mr George Meldrum, Dunfermline
Major Melvill
Miss May Melvill
Alexander Menzies, Esq; writer, Edinburgh
Archibald Menzies, Esq; of Culdares
Rev. Mr Menzies, at Comrie
Mr Menzies of Fernton
Miss Jeany Mercer
Mr Thomas Mill
Miss Agnes Miller
Miss Anne Miller
Miss Eleanora Miller
Mrs Miller, Charles's street, London
Mr George Miller
Mr James Miller
Mr James Miller

Miſs Margaret Miller
Mr Patrick Miller
Mrs Mitchell
Mr James Moir, teacher of languages
Mr Alexander Moncreiff
Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff
Miſs Anne Moncreiff
Miſs Jane Moncreiff
Miſs More of Mains
Mr David Stuart-Moncreiff
Mr James Moriſon
Mr William Moriſon
Mr James Moriſon
Mr Robert Morton
Mr James Moubray
Miſs Jeany Munro
Mrs Mure of Caldwell
Miſs Margaretta Murray
Alexander Murray, Eſq; his Majeſty's Solicitor-General for Scotland
Mr James Murray, Leith
Miſs Jeany Murray
Patrick Murray, Eſq; of Cherrytrees, Advocate
Mr William Murray
Miſs Murray, Kincairny
Mr John Muſchet
Mr David Muſchet bookſeller, Stirling

N

Rev. Mr James Nairn
Mr Nairn writer
Mr Michael Naſmith
John Newton, Eſq; of Primroſe
Mr Archibald Nibble, 2
Mr William Nicol, one of the maſters of the high ſchool, Edinburgh
Miſs Mary Niſbet, 2

O

Rt Hon. Lord Ossory
Rt Hon. Lady Ossory, 2
Archibald Ogilvie, Esq; of Inchmartin
John Ogilvie, Esq;
Mr Ogilvie
James-Townsend Oswald, Esq; member of parliament for Fife
Mr Patrick Oliphant
Miss Ord
Miss Nancy Ord
Mr Alexander Orrock, 2
Mr James Orrock
Mr William Orrock saddler
Mr William Osborne

P

Hon. Lord Pitfour
Mr Paul Panton
Mr Hugh Paterson
Miss Mary Paterson, Ruen
K. T. Rollo Paterson, Torbreck, 2
Sir Hugh Paterson
Mr Hugh Paterson, at Rollo, 2
Miss Pattison, London
Mr John Pattison
Lieutenant Philip Paton
Mr William Peace
Mr Adam Pearson
Mr Patrick Plenderleith, Elie
Mr Samuel Playdell
Mr Alexander Pirrie, 2
Mrs Agnes Preston
Dr Primrose
Miss Puff

R

Mr James Ramsay, Perth

Mr

Mr Thomas Randale
Mr James Rannie junior
Mrs Rae
Miſs Mennie Rae
Mr Rannie, 2
Mr William Richardſon, Profeſſor, Glaſgow
Mr Richmond
Mr James Rigg
Mr Robert Leith
Mrs David Robertſon
Mr George Robertſon writer
Mr George Robertſon, Leith
Mr Henry Robertſon
Mrs Janet Robertſon
Mr Patrick Robertſon jeweller, Edinburgh
Mr Robert Robertſon
Mr Roger Robertſon
Rev. Dr William Robertſon, Principal of the univerſity of Edinburgh
William Robertſon, Eſq; Quartermaſter of the Scots Grays
Rev. Mr Rolland, at Culroſs
Mr William Rolland
Mrs Janet Rollo
Mrs Roſs of Ankerville
Mr Roſs, Advocate
Mr John Roſs
Mr Thomas Roſs, Perth
Mr Roſeburn Ruſſell
Mr Henry Ruſſell writer, Edinburgh
Dr Rutherford, 3
Mr John Rutherford, Perth
James Rutherford, Eſq;

S

Hon. Lord Robert Spencer, 2
Rt Hon. Lady Diana Scott

Hon.

Hon. Lord Stonefield
Hon. Lady Stewart, 2
Mr William Sandeman
Mrs Margaret Sandilands
Mr William Sands, 2
Mr Archibald Sawers
Mrs Schaw, Leith, 2
Mr George Schaw
Mr Patrick Scot
Mr William Scot, 3
Mr Walter Scot,
Mr Walter Scot of Harden
Mr Scot at Culroſs
Mr Scot at Thirleſton
Mr Walter Scot, Writer to the Signet
Miſs Mary-Lilias Scot
Mr William Scotland
Mr Robert Selkirk
Miſs Seton of Touch
Miſs Lilly Seton
Mr George Seton
Mr Y. Setwyn, 2
Mr Thomas Sharp
Mr Thomas Sharp ſenior
Mr Walter Sharp
Mr William Shepherd
Miſs Chriſtian Sheriff, Leith
Captain Simpſon of Ormiſton
Mr William Simpſon
Mr Sinclair of Roſlin
Mr George Sinclair
Mr James Skinner
Mr James Skilton junior
Mr Archibald Skirving
Miſs Bell Sloan
John Smart, Eſq; of Truthits

Mr William Smellie
Mr Charles Smith, ſurgeon at Hull
Mr Smith of Touch
Mr Donald Smith
David Smith, Eſq; of Methven
Mr Thomas Smith
William Smith, Eſq; of Forret
Mr John Spence, Digwell
Mr J. Spottiſwood
Mr John Spottiſwood
Mr William Sprott
Andrew Stairs, Eſq; at Tulliſgarth
Mr Adam Stark, Kinroſs
Mr Mark Stark, at Brucefield
George Steel, Eſq; of Baldaſtird
Mr Robert Stein, at Kincaple
James Steith, Eſq; of Kilbugie, 2
Mr Thomas Steuart, Secretary of the Bank of Scotland
Mr Charles Steuart, writer in Edinburgh
Mr James Stewart, ſtudent of phyſic
Mr John Stewart, ſtudent of ditto
Miſs Jacky Stewart
David Stewart, Eſq;
Mr Stewart junior
George Stewart, Eſq;
Mr Thomas Stewart
Robert Stewart, Eſq; of Binny, 2
Mr Patrick Stewart
George Stewart, Eſq; of Argary
George Stewart, Eſq; younger of Argary
Mr William Stewart
Mr William Stewart, Edinburgh
Mr James Stenhouſe, Dunfermline
Miſs Mady Stirling
Mr John Stirling, at Alloa

Mr

Mr James Stirling, 2
Miſs Grizy Stobie, at Luſcar
Miſs Stoddart
Dr Storer
Mr John Storer
Miſs Mary-Bruce Strange
Mr Summers, ſurgeon, Haddington
Mr Alexander Sutherland
Mrs Swinton of Swinton
Mrs Margaret Swinton
Archibald Swinton, Eſq; of Manderſon
Sebaſtian Swinton, Eſq; junior
Mr Syme

T

Rt Hon. Lord Torphichen
Rt Hon. Lady Eliſabeth Torphichen
Mr J. Tait
Mr Alexander Tait, one of the Principal Clerks of Seſſion
Mr William Tait, ſurgeon, Ely
Mr John Tawſe writer
Mr John Tawſe
George Taylor, Eſq; London
Mr James Taylor
Mr Taylor, Cockſpur ſtreet
Mr James Thomſon
Mr James Thomſon
Mr John Thomſon
Mr John Thomſon junior
Mr William Thomſon
Mr Todd, Writer to the Signet
Miſs Eliza Todd
Captain Todd, St John's ſtreet
Mr Thomas Todd, 2
Nathaniel Tucker, Eſq;
Robert Turner, Eſq;

Mr Alexander Tytler
Mr James Tytler

U

Mr John Urquhart, 2

V

Mr William Vair
Miſs Vernons, London, 2

W

Hon. Lady Eliſabeth Waldegrave, 2
Hon. Lady Eliſabeth Wemyſs, 2
Mr William Waite
Alexander Wallace, Eſq;
Mr David Walker, 2
Mrs Janet Walker
Dr Walker, Stirling
Miſs Nannie Walker
Mr James Walker
Mr Patrick Walker
Mr William Walker, at Tullyallan
Mr Walpole, London
Rev. Mr John Warden
Mr David Wardlaw
Miſs Warrender, 6
George Warrender, Eſq; London
M. C. Webſter
Sir John Wedderburn of Ballendean
Mrs Wedderburn
Mr Robert Wellwood
Mr John Whyte
Miſs Jacky Whyte
Dr Wemyſs, Dunfermline
Mr Andrew Wight ſenior, 2
Mr Williams, at Broughton
John Williamſon, Eſq;
Mrs Wilſon

Mr

Mr James Wilſon, at Keith, Banffſhire
Rev. Mr Wilſon, at Livingſtone
Mr Robert Wilſon
Mr James Wright
Mr John Wright

Y

Mr Alexander Young writer
Mr John Young
Rev. Mr Stephen Young

POSTSCRIPT.

Rev. Dr William Abernethy-Drummond
Rev. Mr Alexander Allan
Rev. Mr John Allan

Names are not eaſily read, if not clearly written; and yet proper care is not always taken in writing out liſts of names. This happened in many of the ſubſcription-papers returned to Miſs Edwards; and this, 'tis hoped, will plead her excuſe for errors and omiſſions in the preceding liſt, of which it is feared there is too great a number.